

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

119th YEAR

SECOND QUARTER, 1955

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorial	125
The Letter-Books of Christ Church, Canterbury (1296-1536)	127
By T. F. Lindsay	
Dostoevsky and the Man-God	142
By H. E. Strakosch	
Democracy and History	154
By Count Gonzague de Reynold	
Abbé Prévost and the Art of Ambiguity	164
By Ernest Beaumont	
Jacques Maritain and the Philosophy of Art	176
By E. A. Sillem	
Letters of Phillippus de Lisle to Montalembert (<i>concluded</i>)	188
By Louis Allen	
The Newman Demographic Survey: A Preliminary Report	212
Book Reviews	
<i>The Struggle for Mastery in Europe: 1848-1918</i> , by Douglas Woodruff	216
<i>L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution</i> , by F. R. Cowell	219

Book Reviews—Contd.

PAGE

<i>The Life of James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, 1834-1921</i> , by John Fitzsimons	223
<i>The Idea of a Liberal Education—Meditations and Devotions</i> , by Dr. Zeno, O.F.M. Cap	226
<i>Elizabeth I and her Parliaments, 1559-1581</i> , by H. Aveling, O.S.B.	232
<i>The Reformation in England, Vol. III</i> , by Theodore Trimble, O.P.	233
<i>The Last of the Fathers—The Layman in the Church—Born Catholics—Catholic Approaches—Pius XII</i> , by Laicus	238
<i>The Priest—Missa Sine Nomine—The Holy Foot</i> , by Neville Braybrooke	240
<i>Problèmes de l'Unité chrétienne</i> , by Gregory Bainbridge, O.S.B.	243
<i>French Chronicle</i> , by Louis Chaigne	246

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EDITORIAL

RESPONSIBLE must mean answerable: however far the word grows away from its root, the connexion can be traced. The new administration, making fresh trial of answerability to the Commons, must feel in this situation the ineluctable pressure of history. But the responsibility of Ministers in that sense, or the collective responsibility of Cabinets, is a relatively new thing even in the political evolution of these islands; it is altogether unknown in some other well-governed countries; it is (in a manner of speaking) at best intermittent anywhere, for the machinery of recording the *vox populi*, the Ministers' master's voice, cannot be continuous, as the business of government necessarily is. The question, to whom Ministers are responsible between Parliaments, is indeed no puzzle now on the juridical plane for constitutional lawyers—but it does not matter. What matters is that they continue to be responsible for the safety and welfare of their fellow subjects.

This unchanging kind of responsibility they share with—for instance—civil servants, and other functionaries technically classified as 'irresponsible', who hold their appointments at pleasure and can in theory be dismissed arbitrarily. It is not, however, the ultimate sanction of the sack that in practice governs the conduct of either. If it were, then the upshot of the Crichton Down affair would have to be read as a warning to Ministers only, whereas in practice everyone knows it was a warning to clerks as well. And it will not do to postulate in this place some abstraction of public opinion or *volonté générale*, for in practice no one expects governments or government servants to fall back on Gallup polls for guidance in the intermissions of elective assemblies. Yet it is required of them that they should behave in a responsible way, above all that they should not, like the unjust steward, feel themselves free to curry favour with the *mammona iniquitatis* whenever they are called to account.

Responsibility as a frame of mind and rule of conduct belongs in varying degrees to adults, parents, leaders and masters. It requires (at the least and lowest) that a man should know, and weigh, the effects of his actions and permissions, with reference to some abiding standard, and habitually regulate his decisions

thereby. Parallel extensions of literacy and of the franchise in Western Europe, over the past century or so, have made it much harder for governments which are answerable to popular assemblies to be in the moral sense responsible. As paterfamilias may for a time buy domestic quietness by calculated indulgence of the selfish desires of his household, favouring now this member, now that, while constantly deferring occasions of severity—and pass meanwhile for a kind father and good husband; so ministers can acquire popularity, and retain it for a season, by truckling to sectional interests. But it is only and precisely in the degree to which Her Majesty's Government can command its majorities without this kind of irresponsibility that it will fulfil its mandate: *quod faxit Deus*.

* * *

It was suggested here last March that the word *contrôle*, employed by the Holy Father in connexion with the use of weapons of mass destruction, would naturally be taken in its normal French sense. Dr. Hodgson, in last month's *Blackfriars*, supports this linguistic opinion with a physicist's argument: 'it seems that the only reasonable meaning of "control" when applied to an explosive process is that the effects of the explosion are known, within reasonable limits, to those who initiate it'.

THE LETTER-BOOKS OF CHRIST CHURCH, CANTERBURY (1296-1536)

By T. F. LINDSAY

THE monastic archives of the Middle Ages have already yielded their strictly historical content, but they remain a rich mine of interest and delight to the curious, to those who do not disdain the implications of the comparatively trivial, or who frankly like to know 'what porridge had John Keats'. Much of the best work in this field, too, has already been done, as in Gasquet's essay 'A Royal Christmas in the Fifteenth Century', or Knowles's brilliant portrait of Prior Henry de Eastry of Christ Church, Canterbury. The latter piece, indeed, is based largely on the letter-books of the Canterbury Benedictines (edited for the Rolls series in 1887, by the late Dr. J. Brigstocke Sheppard) which have supplied the material for the present article. The possibilities latent in such a collection are almost endless. If the story of the foundation of Canterbury College, Oxford, has already been told, there might seem to be room for a discussion of King Louis VII's famous gift to the shrine of Canterbury known as the 'wine of St. Thomas'. (It was poor, thin stuff from the Poissy district near Paris, and had to be sold on the spot, but when Louis XI renewed the grant in 1477, he gave orders that the wine should be supplied from the Bordelais and from Gascony, so that the Christ Church chapter showed pardonable eagerness to ship these excellent growths of Sauterne and Claret over to their own cellars.) Or else one might compile references to the development of the cathedral's structure, and follow the careers of the 'building' Priors—or trace the rise and fall of the popularity of St. Thomas's shrine itself, so clearly marked in the receipts of alms (which always included, the monks regretfully note, foreign coins of

doubtful value, or frankly base money). An Archbishop provoked to ill-temper by a Prior's 'useless verbosity'—my lord Prior himself joking heavily with his doctor—Brother Richard in trouble with the chapter again—who stole the Bishop of London's falcon?—these are some of the topics which the obedient copyists inscribed in the Christ Church letter-books day by day, month by month, and year by year, as the fourteenth century gave way to the fifteenth, and as the fifteenth in turn passed into the sixteenth and the swift disaster of Henry VIII's reign.

Often, the letters to or from great persons in history are in themselves of slight interest—such as a complicated lease drawn up by the executors of Dick Whittington; the formula for the reception into confraternity of Thomas Chaucer, son of the poet; and the Black Prince's determined, and successful, attempts to borrow money from the not altogether delighted Prior and Chapter. Richard II's letter of congratulation on a miracle said to have taken place at Becket's shrine is a dull and formal document, obviously drafted by a clerk with little imagination, devotion or literary talent. In a call-over of books taken out from the monastic library, the unlikely name of Edward II occurs as a borrower of the *Miracles* of St. Thomas and of *Lives* of St. Thomas and St. Anselm. It is perhaps less surprising that the volumes were never returned!

The letters contained in these registers cover the period 1296–1536, the earlier entries being much more complete than those for the last century, which leave considerable gaps. They consist, for the most part, of correspondence dealing with the official and legal business of the monastery—leases, charters, and formulae of all kinds, from simple receipts for rent to the examination of novices and the conviction and sentence of monastic culprits in chapter. Papal bulls and royal charters of former ages are copied in full when reference to them is required by current business. The chief correspondents are the reigning Priors, and many of their letters are addressed to the reigning Archbishops, whose replies are often given. Often, too, a clerk—or a Prior himself—would go to the trouble of copying a letter which was of merely private significance, and many of the more formal letters, especially those written to the Archbishops at times when relations between Lambeth and the monks at Canterbury were friendly and confidential, contain pleasant asides and irrelevancies. Latin prevails as the formal, and French as the informal

language of the letters, until the beginning of the fifteenth century. The transition to English is well marked and almost abrupt, for the last letter in French is dated 1407, and the first in English 1432. After that date, the proportion of English to Latin increases rapidly, and there are no further entries in French at all—except for one or two letters from the French Court, or from the monastery's agents in France.

Christ Church, Canterbury, was, of course, the prototype of that peculiarly English institution, the monastic cathedral chapter, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop, but effectively ruled by the Prior, whose influence both at home and abroad, in ecclesiastical and civil affairs as well as within the precinct and the cloister, could be very great. At the beginning of the period covered by the letters, Henry de Eastry, who reigned from 1285 to 1331, had been some ten years Prior. He was, as David Knowles describes him, 'highly intelligent, with an incisive realist bent of mind, and with the assurance that often accompanies a limited outlook . . . cautious, realist, eminently level-headed . . . a cool observer, not lightly to be stampeded'.¹ It is easy to understand how valuable the experience of such a man must have been to the three Archbishops of Canterbury of his day—Robert Winchelsey, John Stratford, and Simon Meopham—and also how easily the wise counsellor might become dominant and dictatorial in matters where the interests of Prior and Archbishop did not coincide. He was succeeded by Richard Oxenden, another Prior of character and influence, who reigned for only seven years, dying in 1338. Thereafter, for nearly a century and a half, the records show what Dr. Sheppard describes as 'a general dead level of amiable dullness', relieved only by the reigns of Thomas Chillenden (1390–1410) and William Sellyng (1472–1494)—the former having been responsible for important reconstruction work in the fabric of both the cathedral and Canterbury College, while the latter was a confidential adviser of Henry VII, and much employed by him on embassies.

Throughout the period there is evidence of good order and observance in the monastery, the exceptions being notable precisely as exceptions, and showing that delinquent monks were firmly handled by the authorities of the day. In public life, the Prior and chapter lived happily aloof from the turmoil of the times.

¹ *The Religious Orders in England*, by David Knowles (Cambridge University Press), pp. 49 seq.

Even the imminence of the French invasion in 1326 caused Prior Eastry no great concern—although it is true that a man of Eastry's character would tend to treat foreigners with John-Bullish contempt—and the Wars of the Roses left Canterbury unscathed. Yet the Prior of Christ Church was an important figure, and it behoved him to walk warily. Certain letters of political advice to Archbishops are worded most cautiously, with many recommendations that the document should be destroyed on receipt. Occasionally, too, letters from the Prior excusing himself from attending Parliament read as if he knew better than to take part in what might become a turbulent session. But taken as a whole, the correspondence makes it clear that it was the Archbishops, rather than the Priors, whose natural prominence in affairs of State brought them into personal danger. The Priors advise and sympathize, but with a certain detachment, as of those who know themselves to be invulnerable, if they exercise a minimum of prudence and common-sense.

Their relations with the Archbishops follow a well-marked course. In all external matters, ecclesiastical or civil, there is generally alliance and confidence between them. Where the internal affairs of the monastery are concerned, the Archbishop's jurisdiction is usually resented by the Priors, who continually attempt encroachments on his prerogatives, in such cases as the appointment of *obedientarii* and the admission of monks to profession. It was therefore a relationship in which much depended upon individual personality and temperament, but even a weak Archbishop could make head against a strong Prior, for the position of the former was really unassailable. Yet the Priors could get in some pretty teasing upon occasions.

Thus in June 1327, Prior Henry de Eastry writes to Archbishop Walter Raynold, after a formal visitation of Christ Church by the latter, asking him to state positively what corrections he had directed to be inflicted upon the persons implicated in certain offences. The Archbishop was clearly not disposed to be more specific, or it may be that his memory was no better than the Prior's, for two days later the latter writes again:

Greeting. Your Paternity's last letter, which I have just received, merely leaves me more at a loss than ever—as for instance where you suggest, in that letter, that before your departure you dealt with all the findings of your visitation in my presence, by imposing canonical penances upon the offenders. I remember quite well that,

after the business of the visitation and your examinations were concluded, you called me and the senior brethren together, as is the custom, in your presence, in order to correct such faults as your visitation had brought to light, and that you excommunicated six brethren from the common life, but you stated no definite reason or reasons for this excommunication.

Apparently some valuable silver church ornaments were missing, and no satisfactory account could be given of their disappearance. The Archbishop might have intended to deal with this matter by the sentences of monastic 'excommunication' recently promulgated, but unless justice were not only done, but seen to be done, the Prior warns his superior that the scandal might have most serious consequences:

And so, lest this 'smoky talk', which I could not ignore even if I would, should break out into burning and consuming flames, please send me some definite answer to my enquiry. All I want to know is whether in fact the sentences you promulgated were, or were not, meant to redress the aforesaid injuries which our church has suffered.

But the Archbishop was not to be drawn. A few days later the Prior writes a third time, repeating all he has said before, with a somewhat exasperated attempt to maintain the forms of respect and courtesy, breaking out at last into:

I confidently await your clarification of this. Do please let me know what you want done about it—and the sooner the better!

No doubt the Archbishop at last broke his silence, because here the correspondence ends, and Henry de Eastry would certainly have continued to ply him with missives becoming progressively less deferential, if some form of satisfaction had not been forthcoming!

But all Priors could not take the liberties to which Henry de Eastry considered himself entitled. Ten years later his successor, Richard Oxenden, addressed a rather pompous request to Archbishop Stratford, asking permission for the Bishop of Rochester to reconsecrate the cathedral churchyard, where bloodshed (of a sufficiently trifling character) had lately taken place during an affray, and asking for guidance in the case of some novices who

wished to be professed before the expiry of their year's probation. He drew upon himself a reply which began:

Your last letter was far too long and quite unnecessarily verbose. We are very much displeased by what you tell us about the desecration of our church and about your novices. We dismiss the opinions you put forward as being both illegal and inept, and you will therefore not permit divine service to be held in the church before it is reconsecrated, nor in the adjacent churchyard. . . . And although we have so much to occupy and distract us in the affairs both of the Church and the Kingdom, if you cannot get hold of another bishop for that purpose (to which we raise no smallest objection), we shall put everything else on one side, and come to you in person for the occasion. As for the novices who, you tell me, have not yet completed their year of probation and wish either to be admitted to profession immediately or to return to the world, we cannot believe—for it is beyond belief—that they had any good purpose in entering religion, or that they will ever do any good in that state; so, if that is the reason why they want to go back to the world, let them go at once, with God's malediction and ours!

But Archbishop Stratford was not always in so intractable a mood. In 1344 relations must have been particularly intimate, for the Prior and the Archbishop have reached the stage of exchanging pet remedies for each other's complaints. The Prior writes:

I am as grateful as I can be to you for your excellent advice and information, which I used to such good effect that I am now quite well, and have got rid of those tiresome fevers. . . .

Five years later the Black Death was raging, and the community of Christ Church escaped infection in an almost miraculous manner. Only four monks died of the pestilence, and Dr. Sheppard points out that these almost certainly caught the disease while outside the enclosure on the business of the monastery's manors. The immunity of the rest may well have been due to the unusual excellence of the drainage system installed as long before as the middle of the twelfth century. However that may be, the letter-book contains only one reference to health during this period, and that is a short note from Prior Hathband assuring a correspondent that he is quite well 'at the time of writing'.

Trusting to their periodical blood-letting, the monks of the Middle Ages do not seem to have encouraged much preoccupation with health—perhaps because many of the remedies were so much

more drastic than the disease. But the subject provides a little gem of a letter from Prior Henry de Eastry to his doctor, in which the rather grim old prelate ventures a not very striking or original pun, based on the solemn formula for the purgation of ecclesiastical offences. On second thoughts he seems to have regarded even this slight lapse into jocosity as unseemly, for the entry is cancelled—surely no monastic secretary would have dared to do so on his own responsibility?—and some more dignified expression (now unreadable in the MS.) has been substituted:

Although it is impossible for me to thank you as you ought to be thanked, yet I give you such thanks as I can for your wise and sound advice, and for the assistance which you have so constantly afforded me; for you must know that after the second dose of that medicine which you lately ordered me to take, the fever and sweating which used to cause me such considerable distress every other day largely abated, and shortly afterwards ceased altogether. And then when I had taken the purgatives which you also prescribed, they 'formally cleared me of each and every interior scandal', and 'restored me to my former honourable estate and appetite'.¹

The Archbishops were often in political trouble, and sometimes in actual danger. There is little reason, however, to suppose that in January 1400, Archbishop Arundel was really the object of an ambush laid for him by the nobles who were plotting against Henry IV—among them the Archbishop's own nephew, the Earl of Kent. It is more probable that Arundel, who was making his way from Croydon to Windsor, just at the moment when the rebels had seized Windsor Castle, merely blundered inopportunely into the danger zone, from which he had little difficulty in escaping. But he was firmly convinced that his own life had been aimed at, and his somewhat breathless and fussy indignation betrayed him into writing the following letter, which *Mr. Punch* of a century ago would surely have entitled 'Collapse of Stout Party'!

Beloved sons and brethren, to whose very lips the chalice of bitterness has been set by the grief and anxiety arising from what you believed to have been the outcome of the terrible dangers through which we have passed, we have resolved to afford you matter for rejoicing and pleasure, that your minds may be even

¹ I have tried in vain to find some assonance to translate *famam et famem*! (In this and other passages where the original is in Latin, the translation is my own; where the original is in French, excellent translations have been printed in the Rolls edition by Dr. Sheppard, and I have used them, with acknowledgments in each case.—T.F.L.)

more uplifted by gladness than they might have been oppressed or cast down by the threatened danger which divine Providence has enabled us happily to evade. But in order that you may truly conceive of God's paternal intervention, worthy as it has been of all wonder and praise, we shall confidentially lay before you the manner and form of the events through which we have lately passed. On Sunday, January 4th, while we were making our journey from our manor of Croydon to our lord the King, we had arranged to put up for the night at the town of Kingston-on-Thames, and thither we had sent forward our travelling equipment and valuables, as well as servants to make all the necessary arrangements; but when, quite unsuspecting of any treachery, we were approaching the said town, the divine mercy permitted that we should be made aware of a secret and altogether detestable ambush laid for us by persons thirsting for our blood. We may well call this ambush 'detestable', for it was a nephew who thus planned an armed attack against his uncle, a child against his parent—the unparalleled wickedness of a rebellious traitor. For in whom, pray, may cruelty be adjudged more detestable than in him who displays the titles of family feeling? I say, that the more terribly the ancient enemy of mankind sowed this form of tares or leaven in their inhuman hearts, so that they did not scruple to raise murderous hands against the Lord's anointed,¹ their spiritual father, bound to them by the closest ties of kinship, their most gracious (as we may say) benefactor, as having risked our own lives to compass their safety—the more miraculously has God's paternal providence been displayed, mightily and manifestly, in freeing us from their gaping jaws. Indeed we may say that with Paul we were in perils of the sea, of journeyings, of the wilderness; we escaped Scylla only to fall into Charybdis; we have heard the Sirens' voices, but suffered no shipwreck; we have slain the Hydra; we have subdued Tricerberus; and now God's providence has brought to naught that which is worse than all, perils from false brethren. . . .

There is nothing in the rest of the letter, with its somewhat vindictive rejoicing over the death of the Earl of Kent and the foiling of the plot by a 'blessed mob of yokels' (*sancta rusticitas*), which can quite compare with the angry prelate's triumphant hotch-potch of Ulysses, Hercules and St. Paul!

The comparative detachment of the Priors of Christ Church during periods when the Archbishops were running grave political risks is perhaps best exemplified by the attitude of Henry de Eastry in the last years of Edward II's reign. He was called upon by the Archbishop, Walter Raynold, to advise him as to the policy which he should pursue, and the Prior's counsel—circumspectly

¹ I have ventured to read *christum Domini* for the *Christum Dominum* of the text, as the only way of making tolerable sense of this passage.—T.F.L.

given and almost cynical in its worldly wisdom—may have contributed to bring Raynold safely through this dangerous period. He did not, indeed, neglect to take certain security precautions, but he makes it quite plain what he thought of the general state of alarm and panic—and, incidentally, of the martial qualities of the commonalty of Kent. Thus he writes during the first invasion scare of October 1324:

Sir, seeing that by a paltry outcry or trumpeting of people passing inland, the inhabitants may be easily alarmed without cause, and less ready at another time to go down to the sea when there is real need, it appears proper that you should send to the Sheriff that he may cause to be proclaimed, and forbid throughout the whole county in churches, fairs, markets and elsewhere, in all places where people may be assembled, both within privileged areas and without them, that no one shall be so bold, on pain of imprisonment, as to raise the *common cry*, or to sound trumpet or to blow horn, before the people who are dwelling nearest to the sea raise the *common cry*, and blow horns when they see the enemy on the sea and approaching land. And know, Sir, that now thirty years ago in the time of King Edward, this was how the thing was done; and also sixty years back from the present time, in the days of King Henry his father, when again there was a guard on the sea (coast). As to these things, you will do that which seems to you best to be done. God be with you, who keep you and all belonging to you. Given at Canterbury the 5th day of October, in the year of grace 1324. (*Trans. Dr. Sheppard.*)

Observe the Prior's air of authority, and his reference to precedent. There can have been few events in Kent, or indeed in the kingdom, for which old Henry de Eastry could not furnish some apt parallel from his long experience. His suggested regulations remind one of the ban on the ringing of church bells imposed in 1940, and the letter-books furnish other curious examples of the timelessness of the problems which confront civilians in time of war. Two years previously, Prior Henry had had to intervene to prevent the 'call-up' of some of the Christ Church staff, and he pleaded, as any modern employer might have done, that the men themselves were exempt, and that their occupations should be treated as 'reserved':

To his very dear and well-beloved in God, Sir Thomas de Sandwich, Henry by the permission, etc., greeting, and everlasting joy. We thank you much for what you have lately reported to us by Henry de Stoke our clerk; and whereas we have learnt that certain

people, through ill will, have named to you and Sir John Savage your colleague, Edmund de Heigham the warden of our almonry which is dedicated to the use of the poor, and Denis our cook who dresses the meat of our convent, and William de Boywyk our chamberlain, and Walter ate Bregg our provost at Brook, who is eighty years old or more, and many others of our servants as fit to go to Scotland with the levy of the county of Kent; know then, Sir, that the King lately sent to us praying us by his letters to assist him with men-at-arms, or in some other convenient manner as we best could without injury, in the great enterprises which he has in hand; and seeing that we cannot send away, without great loss, our said servants who serve our Convent and ourselves daily, we have helped our said Lord the King proportionably with money, so as to aid in the carrying out of his designs, and at the same time so as to consult our own convenience in the matter of our servants. Hence we heartily pray you to excuse our said servants, with whose attendance we cannot dispense without great loss. Be pleased to inform us of your good pleasure in this and other matters by the bearer of these letters. Given at Canterbury the 11th day of July in the year of grace 1322. (*Trans. Dr. Sheppard.*)

In later years we hear of contributions of transport waggons from Christ Church for the Scottish wars, and of a refusal to supply similar transports for the French wars in 1338—probably one of the last letters written by Prior Oxenden:

To the most excellent prince and his right honourable lord, Sir Edward, by the grace of God King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine, his chaplain Richard Prior of the Church of Canterbury, all that he can of honour, with perseverance in devout prayers. Right honourable Lord, your Sheriff of Kent has expressed your will to me, namely that you would have from me some waggon-horses fully harnessed (concerning which you lately wrote to me in your letters) in aid of your transport towards the countries over sea; which thing I should long to do, on account of my great desire to please you, if my means would only stretch so far (which they do not). For in truth, and let it not displease your noble Lordship to hear it, it is so that beyond what is usual I have this year been so despoiled in various ways, what with the procurations of the Cardinals and several other ways, impositions, and misfortunes which have fortuitously befallen me, that what is still left for me and my Convent cannot suffice for our mere maintenance, without we run deeply into debt. And therefore I pray your royal benevolence, in the most humble way I can, that it will deign to accept my impotence in this case as a valid excuse. Right honourable and most dread Lord, may the Almighty be pleased ever to increase your royal honour with length of days and vigorous health. (*Trans. Dr. Sheppard.*)

There are no further letters on the subject in that year, so presumably his 'right honourable and most dread Lord' accepted the Prior's excuses—which is more than any 'right honourable and most dread' Chancellor would be disposed to do in our own more impersonal age! But a precedent had been established, and in 1359 we find the convent agreeing, with comparative cheerfulness, to supply two waggons, with 'twelve efficient horses and all the other apparatus belonging to them, together with eight drivers and grooms for the management of the said waggons'.

To return to Prior Henry and the troubles during the last years of Edward II's reign, we have a long letter from him to Archbishop Raynold, dated 12 March 1326, giving his views on probable political developments, in the course of which he writes:

The people of Kent, especially the inhabitants of the coastal areas, are a poor and feeble lot, and I doubt but that if they see a naval force approaching they will take themselves off to the woods and the open country, yielding the sea-shore to superior strength, since *nemo invitus bene facit*.

But this prospect does not disturb the Prior in the least, and his attitude is one of calm impartiality, with the shrewd hope that whatever happens, his Archbishop may be found on the winning side. Throughout that anxious period when Queen Isabella had fled overseas, and was evidently preparing to return with a French army, Prior Henry only shows real emotion on one subject—that of the Queen's pack of hounds, to which he was unwillingly giving board and lodging:

Greeting. Know that the huntsmen of our Lady the Queen and all her pack of hounds have remained with me at Canterbury ever since the time when our Lady the Queen went over sea, and they still remain at the great charge of myself and of my Convent, for every week they consume a quarter of wheat for their maintenance. Now seeing that Master Robert de Stanton, Steward of the Household to our Lady the Queen, when she took leave of him, commanded him to remove all the huntsmen and all her pack of hounds who remained with me at Canterbury, and that he should bestow them wherever he pleased among his friends at his own free will, as he told me; nevertheless still they have remained here at great cost to me and my Convent; I pray you heartily that you will speak to, and beseech Sir Hugh le Despenser the younger, or some other friend about the Court, that he will please explain this matter to the King, and ascertain his wishes as to what he may please that I

Vol. 229. No. 468. B

shall do with these huntsmen and the dogs of my Lady. . . . Given at Canterbury the 5th day of February (1326). (*Trans. Dr. Sheppard.*)

Nobody, evidently, had time to worry about the Queen's voracious and expensive hounds, because a month later the Prior writes in exactly the same terms to Sir Hugh Despenser himself, and sends a covering letter to John of Dene, the Christ Church agent at Court, asking him to hand on the request to Sir Hugh 'at a convenient time and place, seeing that Sir Hugh is fully occupied with other affairs'—as well he may have been, the 'other affairs' including a last desperate attempt to keep Edward II on the throne and his own head on his shoulders! No doubt the hounds went on consuming their quarter of wheat a week until the autumn, when the Queen returned with her army—and even then she will not have had much leisure to resume her hunting, for rebellion is among the whole-time occupations.

But Prior Henry's impassioned protests may help to scotch, in the minds of those whose impressions of monks are derived from romantic fiction, the picture of the luxurious Abbot of the Middle Ages who divided his time between the banquet and the chase. Walter Scott's Prior Aylmer, for instance, could never have resisted, had it come his way, so admirable an opportunity to set himself up as the Master of the East Kents! The letters contain one direct reference to fox-hunting, in a protest written by Prior Oxenden to Sir William de Clynton, the Constable of Dover Castle:

Dear Sieur, whereas lately some of our people at Eastry, within our own warren, were amusing themselves with their hounds, and captured a fox in our wood, as we have understood, and under pretext of this capture, after they had gone, your warreners came into our manor of Eastry and seized a great part of our cattle, and drove them to Dover Castle (of which you are the governor) to our great loss, and at the pressing instance of our friends they have now surrendered the said cattle, under security until Martinmas; we pray and require you, that as to the above-said matters you will be pleased to hold your hand until your next visit to Canterbury, or until, if the opportunity occur in the meantime, we can converse and treat upon this affair with the assistance of the counsel of our friends. And (we pray) that you will be pleased to send to the said warreners that they cease from such rigour, until they have further orders from you. Adieu, etc. (*Trans. Dr. Sheppard.*)

This incident does not seem to have caused any permanent ill-feeling between the convent and their powerful neighbour, be-

cause in the next year Sir William de Clynton asked for some deer to stock his park at Elham. Orders were given by the Prior that six does were to be sent from the Christ Church park at Westwell.

The only 'sporting parson' we meet in these letters is the Bishop of London, who was not best pleased because a tenant of Christ Church had stolen his falcon. Prior Oxenden writes to the official of the manor concerned:

Greeting. Whereas we have heard from our dear and good friend the Bishop of London, that one John Wyvelesty, our tenant at Hollingbourne, lately stole and carried off a falcon belonging to the said Bishop, in the neighbourhood of Hollingbourne aforesaid; which theft he cannot indeed deny, seeing that the said John took the said falcon from Roger the son of Thomas the Grey in Hollingbourne, on Wednesday the Eve of St. Barnabas the Apostle last passed, and Geoffrey Somerey of Boyton, William the Taylor, William Harper, Adam Baker, Will Wyot, John Smith, Roger Passmore, Richard Francis, Sampson his son, Simon Johnson the Ganger, Simon Batcock, Stephen Bowyer, and Thomas the Grey¹ all testify to this; wherefore we enjoin and command that you cause the said John to be distrained and pressed in all manner of ways that you know and can, so that the said falcon may be restored to the said Bishop. And, if you see that it be necessary, consult in this matter John of Isebergh our Bailiff, and other prudent men among your advisers, so that this fault may be remedied, as you desire that our honour shall be saved, for we have this matter very much at heart. And what you do, and what you can do about this business, let us know as soon as you can conveniently. Adieu, etc. Given, etc., under our private signet. (*Trans. Dr. Sheppard.*)

Hawks, it seems, were a potent source of trouble. In the same year (1332), the Prior had to dismiss the 'Bedel' of Risborough for great insolence, of which hawks were the immediate occasion. He writes:

Whereas Dom Richard Ickham, our Chaplain, who was once Warden of our manors in your parts, had heard that there were hawks' nests in our woods at Halton and Risborough, our said Chaplain sent in our name by one of our people whom he trusted, first of all to Halton, and there he was, he says, fairly and honestly welcomed, and he there received from the Serjeant two sparrow-hawks and two musketts; then he came to Risborough, and there, as we hear, he was bluntly told by John Nodel, who is now Bedel there, that if he wanted hawks, he had better catch them himself,

¹ As good an illustration as one could wish of the evolution of English surnames.—
T.F.L.

and other rude things, all of which need not be recalled here, he said to him; and this he did in disrespect to our said Chaplain. Wherefore we desire that you remove, or cause to be removed, the said John from his office of Bedel, and that you cause the said office to be held by some worthy man in whom you may put trust, until you have the Warden in your parts, or fresh orders from us. Adieu, etc. (*Trans. Dr. Sheppard.*)

This sounds very much as though either the Prior or Dom Richard were looking forward to a day among the partridges and hares, nor, if it were so, need we regard it as either surprising or scandalous. But equally well the hawks might have been needed on other manors, for the entertainment of guests, or even for sale. Then, as now, superiors of religious houses had to keep a sharp eye on possible sources of revenue if the yearly accounts were to balance. At Christ Church, Canterbury, as we know from the Treasurer's accounts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, there was never much money to spare.

On the subject of entertainment, the letters afford evidence of an excellent standard of observance by the Priors, as well as by the community. Invitations are, of course, issued to secular friends for great feasts such as Christmas, or for such occasions as the singing of his first solemn conventual Mass by a newly-elected Prior. Invitations to dine out are also sometimes accepted, but more often the letter-books record refusals, as in the following note from Prior Oxenden, dated December 1331:

Greeting. Yesterday you were kind enough to give me a pressing invitation to take dinner with you at Boughton next Sunday; but on that day we must, having regard to the honour and dignity of our Church, ourselves in person celebrate divine service solemnly therein; moreover we have guests from the Royal Court and other friends to entertain at our own table . . . so we ask you kindly to excuse us on this occasion from personal attendance at your banquet. . . .

Another refusal from Oxenden expressly states that such dining out is not the custom of the house. No doubt he had in mind the 51st chapter of the Holy Rule, where brethren who leave the monastery on business, but expect to return the same day, are forbidden to accept hospitality without the permission of the superior:

Greeting. Whereas we have learned from your letters that our well-beloved N. de T., your father, is called to God, and will be

buried at Faversham on Sunday next coming; know that, in return for the great love which he had for our church, and in compliance with your request, by God's help, we will come on the said day, and read the burial service aforesaid. But as to staying to dinner, we thank you much for your good will, but, inasmuch as that is not customary in our church, it is good that you should hold us excused; for if we could comply without offence we would gladly do it.

The third volume of the Rolls edition, which includes the whole of the fifteenth century, is the least rich in entries, and only a few pages cover the first thirty-six years of the sixteenth century. The last three entries, for October 1536, have a certain poignancy. They record Henry VIII's 'commaundement' for levies to suppress the Pilgrimage of Grace, and the names of the sixty men conscripted for this service by Prior Goldstone and his community. Among the thirteen 'archers on fote' was one Robert Hardyng, who is noted as having answered his summons and then disappeared again. *Comparuit et recessit postea*. Was Robert Hardyng merely irked by the order to leave home and family and march north against the rebels, or was he of stouter heart and conscience than his overlords, the Prior and Chapter of Christ Church? Be that as it may, their ready obedience to 'the King's commaundement' availed the monks little. The last of the long line of monastic secretaries and archivists recorded nothing later than Robert Hardyng's defection. Two years later the letter-book was closed for ever.

DOSTOEVSKY AND THE MAN-GOD

By H. E. STRAKOSCH

*E*T creavit Deus hominem ad imaginem suam. These seven words of Genesis contain the whole problem of man. They proclaim the mystery of an existence which is created but rational and endowed with spontaneity, which is fundamentally something other than self, but in self-awareness sees itself as existing and so transcends the level of purely dependent existence.

Man, a created being, is rooted in dependent existence, he is fundamentally something other than self. 'To be', that is to rest securely in existence, is a primordial impulse of man, the sign of an ontological dependence which he shares with the rest of creation. But man, a rational being, cannot help seeing himself and by virtue of his awareness of himself his existence is not purely dependent, it is also necessarily spontaneous, i.e. rooted in himself. 'To be free', the glory and the burden of rationality and of spontaneity is an equally irreducible part of the nature of man.

But the first ontological impulse 'to be' and the fact of being free are in opposition. The dichotomy of man, the contradiction within his personality is also the dynamic principle of man's life. It will force him to seek a level of existence where the primordial impulse 'to be', the 'existential value of reality', is no longer threatened by his spontaneity, i.e. by his dependence from himself. Thus man will, while constantly fleeing from himself, seek fulfilment on an ever higher plane. Man, if he wants 'to be' has to transcend himself, has to conquer the dichotomy of his nature, the contradiction between the reality of his existence and his spontaneity, of which his self-awareness is the sign.

But God created man in His image and therefore man is made for God in every fibre of his being. And God, as St. Thomas Aquinas says, is more intimately present to all His creatures than they are to themselves,¹ so that man can transcend himself by

¹ Cf. *S.Th.*, I. 8. 1; cf. Victor White, O.P., *God and the Unconscious* (1952), p. 117.

surrendering to God, Who is more himself, than he is himself. In ordering his conscious 'I' towards the transcendent reality of God, man can 'merely be' and at the same time can 'be free'. The mystery of man's dual existence, if it is not to destroy him, orders him towards the simplicity and the oneness of God.

But the phenomenon of self-awareness is more even than the sign of a dynamic contradiction in man: it is also the focal point of the problem of history. As civilization progresses and the self-awareness of the community grows apace, an ideological tension arises between the proud claims of humanism and life itself. As individual and communal self-awareness develop, not only the realm of action, but also the realm of thought is increasingly being subjected to man, and the field where objective values still reign supreme is proportionately being narrowed. The tension between the reality of the individual or communal 'I', and the reality of objective, i.e. truly independent values, forces us, as history progresses to seek for a synthesis on an ever higher plane. In this consists the dialectic movement of history, which is rooted in the drama of man's fall and redemption. In the Mass for Holy Saturday it is said: *O certe necessarium Adae peccatum quod Christi morte delatum est. O felix culpa quae talem ac tantum meruit habere Redemptorem.*

The struggle between anthropocentric humanism and the submission to objective truth has become the central point in the battle for the soul of Europe. Nihilism, the modern form of irrationalism, arose when idealism had sufficiently corroded the spiritual realism of an earlier period of our history.

Historically this all-encompassing movement of irrationalism started as a reaction against the naïve optimism of enlightenment, a reaction against its unbounded faith in the power and the stability of direction of the conscious mind. The optimism of enlightenment had envisaged a continuous progress of civilization, that is a permanence of direction in the growth of the power of the conscious mind to be the master of its destiny. Irrationalism is the movement of humanism grown weary of itself, the recoiling from the emptiness of an existence confined entirely within itself. It finds expression in a principle which dominates the whole of European thought since the end of the era of enlightenment: the postulate of a fulfilment which lies beyond the reach of rationality and consciousness.

This basically irrational postulate lies behind the romantic notion of 'innocence', and it carried the anthropocentric claim in-

finitely further than idealism had done. The repose of a mind which is at one with itself, the transcendent bliss of existence, was no longer to be the result of the mind having attained an 'existential conformity' with truth. On the contrary, the state of a mind being at one with itself *was* truth, was the very essence of truth.

The irrationalism of Romanticism reached its full strength in the latter half of the nineteenth century with Nietzsche. In a passage of *The Will to Power* Nietzsche states the eminently modern problem of man's struggle with reality:

What a morality or a book of law creates: that deep instinct which renders *automatism* and perfection possible in life and in work. But now we have reached the opposite point; yes, we wanted to reach it—the most extreme consciousness, through introspection on the part of man and of history; and thus we are practically most distant from perfection in being, doing and willing: our desires, even our will to knowledge shows how prodigiously decadent we are. We are striving after the very reverse of what *strong races and strong natures* will have—understanding is an end.¹

The pride of romantic humanism, which would see in truth itself but a means, has turned into Nietzsche's cry for 'automatism' as the last and desperate means to save us from ourselves. Rationality, the self-consciousness of man and of history has become the point 'most distant from perfection in being, doing and willing'. And with death lurking behind defiance, Nietzsche concludes: 'understanding is an end.'

The rebellion of the abyss and the void against light and being, that is the zodiacal sign under which our age was born. The great Euripidean tragedy of Pentheus of Thebes, of sanity killed and trampled underfoot by Bacchic madness, is enacted over and over again in real life.

But whence can salvation come? An appeal to reason can be of no avail against a spirituality which has turned against reason with all the passion of disappointed love, when it found reason wanting as a guide to the deepest mystery of existence. Nietzsche's fierce attacks are turned against Socratism as much as against Christianity.

The problem of the division arising in man, when he looks at himself—as Kleist has shown in *Das Marionettentheater*—once

¹ Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Will to Power* (Trans. T. N. Forels), 1909, Vol. 14, p. 63, par. 68. (Author's italics.)

raised, must be solved or it destroys the personality. There is no way back into a blissful state of innocence. The dynamic inherent in the mystery of rationality drives man forward to seek salvation in a synthesis transcending himself, or it leads him to utter destruction. Man cannot remain neutral, when he is face to face with himself, he cannot evade the deepest issue of his existence, that God has created him in His image.

Dostoevsky is a true son of our times, of an age which has driven very far its self-awareness. He is the true son of an abstract age and of that most 'abstract' of modern cities: St. Petersburg. He saw the catastrophe and with intuitive insight he recognized its universal scope and its apocalyptic significance.

He felt the full strength of the denial hidden under the romantic form of humanism. But he became the prophet of our age, precisely because he accepted fully and without hesitation the position which romanticism had created. He is a Christian and his basic intuition is a religious one. But he does not shirk the issue, he does not shrink back from the abyss which opened before man when he 'looked beyond the wall', when he became aware of his inherent destructive contradiction.

Dostoevsky never tries to lead us back into a state of neutrality, of unawareness of the awful dilemma which overshadows the thought of our age. His man is not the bloodless creature of pious invention, nor is he man as rationalism understood him, man, capable of a synthesis encompassing less than the full depth of his existence. Dostoevsky's man is man in the fullness of his stature: a being who presents an infinite claim to his maker, and the depth of whose fall is only measured by his original greatness. In the *Diary of a Writer*, Dostoevsky answers some critics who accuse him of pious obscurantism: 'These fools could not even conceive so strong a denial of God as the one to which I gave expression.'¹ The denial he gave expression to, through the mouth of some of his heroes, was so strong because it was based not on rational argument, but on Promethean pride.

The central theme of Dostoevsky's work is the man-god. The man-god is modern man, in whom the spiritual polarity of human nature is developed to its highest degree of intensity, but who rejects the only way of salvation offered us in the redemptive act of Christ. It is man, who is ever more deeply aware of his likeness

¹ Henri de Lubac, S.J., *The Drama of Atheist Humanism* (Sheed & Ward, 1949), p. 180.

to God, man who has to bear the full burden of his rationality. It is man, who can no longer flee from himself, who stands face to face with the mystery of his existence, whose craving for innocence has destroyed the last vestige of real innocence in him. It is man, whose spontaneity has become—despite himself—the supreme law of his existence, man who destroys himself, because he can no longer be a man unless he be God.

Dostoevsky has conquered humanism in its most developed and subtly corrupted form, by carrying to its highest pitch of intensity the contradiction inherent in the nature of man. The man-god cannot escape from the deadly threat to his existence, arising from his spontaneity. He must be God, he is impotent to shed the burden of his divine-like nature. And yet to be God, a god without Christ, a god to himself, contains an ontological monstrosity so immense that nothing but the complete destruction of reality can follow in its wake. The supreme tragedy of the man-god is this: that he must be God and insofar as he is God he ceases to be real. Spiritually no less than on the plane of natural psychological experience the man-god destroys himself because his spontaneity is set in an irreconcilable conflict with his reality.

In the drama of the man-god, as Dostoevsky unrolls it before us, a truth emerges suddenly, a truth which hounds the soul from a state of spiritual neutrality, from an unquestioning acceptance of reality. This truth is the ontological value of the 'I', an ontological value deeply felt in the form of an absolute and irreducible uniqueness. The 'I' in its uniqueness is necessarily raised to absoluteness, i.e. it is incapable to accept any other reality but itself. There is no possibility of a compromise between two realities which are mutually exclusive. Dostoevsky's heroes, Alyosha Karamasov no less than Ivan, absolutely refuse to submit to necessity. They all unashamedly defy logic when the divine principle of freedom is at stake. That is so because the freedom whose dynamic drives them forward is not a moral freedom only. It is strictly and uncompromisingly metaphysical, the freedom from the fetters imposed on man by the necessity of nature. To be man, means to partake of the supreme ontological freedom, the *aseitas* of the Godhead. Any diminution of that freedom would mean an inner contradiction, a total destruction of that likeness to God which constitutes the humanity of man.

Modern man, whose fully developed self-awareness has led him to a peak where he cannot but claim the prerogative of his

divine-like nature, can no longer be satisfied with a synthesis on a natural plane. If he rejects the salvation offered us in Christ's redemptive act—he divorces himself from the synthesis of objective reality and claims the ontological freedom of the Godhead for himself. The *aseitas* of God will then be the fountain of his existence and his reality can have no other source than his self-consciousness.

And it is precisely this perverted and violently subjective mysticism which is the fundamental ontological problem of Dostoevsky's heroes. Armoured with an infinite intensification of their self-consciousness, they hurl themselves against reality. Some conquer and are saved through their love for Christ our Lord, some lose their life or their sanity and one at least is in grave danger of having lost his soul.

The truth which haunted Rodion Raskolnikov and drove him to commit murder is this: Napoleon killed many thousands of people and he killed them for selfish ends. Yet Napoleon was not a murderer. Why is this so? Raskolnikov's answer is given from the point of view of a Nietzschean spirituality whose basis of truth is the self-sufficiency of the mind reposing within itself. It was lawful for Napoleon to kill, because he himself never even questioned whether it was lawful. Precisely for this reason and for no other. 'The prophet is right, a thousand times right, when somewhere across a street he sets up a battery and shoots on the guilty and innocent alike, without even deigning to give an explanation.'

But if it was right for Napoleon to kill, why should not he, Raskolnikov, kill lawfully? He only wanted to kill an old usurer, a wicked and perfectly useless old woman. And he wanted to kill her, because he needed her money to work for the benefit of mankind. If Napoleon had killed lawfully, he, Raskolnikov, would *a fortiori* have a right to kill. He only had to raise himself to that level of sovereign independence and self-sufficiency on which 'the prophet' stood.

He had to raise himself—beyond himself, he had to conquer reality by his spontaneity. It was this ontological experiment, this supreme achievement of a deliberate objectivization of the subjective, which had completely captivated the mind of the young student. After the murder, he confessed to Sonya: 'I—I merely wanted to dare and I killed; I merely wanted to dare, that is the whole reason.'

The battle for his innocence of the murder he had committed

was thus fought entirely within the precincts of his own consciousness. If he could only force his consciousness not to see the killing of his victim as 'the prophet' did not see it, his crime would automatically have ceased to be one. The fact, whether he is a murderer, depends entirely on the fact whether he knows that he is one. If only he could cease to know that he murdered—he would have killed lawfully, like Napoleon.

According to the inner structural logic of the idea it can be said that Raskolnikov's system, whereby he is forced to pay divine honours to himself, breaks down when it suddenly becomes all too clear that he is no longer alone in the sanctuary of sanctuaries. There is one beside him, an uninvited spectator, a deadly enemy who by the sheer fact of his presence has for ever desecrated the holy ritual. It is Porphyri, the *juge d'instruction*, who, it suddenly appears, has not only guessed the true motive of the crime, but has analysed Raskolnikov's mind to the last dark corner of its tortuous windings. Is not this fact alone, that Raskolnikov has been understood, a clear and supreme proof of the falsity of his idea? The singularity, the uniqueness of his idea is thereby destroyed—and what remains of it, if it is nothing but an objective truth, if it can be measured against a standard of objective reality? Raskolnikov's idea by the very fact that Porphyri has understood it, ceases to be his own and thereby entirely and wholly loses its validity. For it was not Napoleon only he sought to equal—his flight went higher. There is only one justification for the claim to create lawfulness and that is the *aseitas* of the Godhead. But what remains of divinity, if the divine mystery of singularity has to be shared with an intruder? The idol falls and its broken pieces are trodden underfoot.

The drama of the man-god's fall, of his destruction and disintegration on the spiritual plane no less than on the level of natural psychological experience, develops in an atmosphere of unparalleled psychological intensity and strange ontological inanity. As the man-god in his battle for the reality of his existence increases the intensity of his self-consciousness, so does his power to grasp reality decline. When Raskolnikov exclaims in an outburst of madness and desperation: 'When I went to the old woman I only went to try it out—now you know it. . . . Have I really killed the old woman? . . . The devil has killed her, not I', he is saying more than a half-truth. The point is elaborated with great care in the first part of the novel. Had Raskolnikov turned his mind towards

the *reality* of killing, he would have had to subject himself to the reality of a pattern of means and ends, consciously conceived as such. The deed itself, in its reality would thus have destroyed the very motive of its perpetration and the crime would never have been committed.

If man finds the way to reality barred by himself, if he is no longer capable of effecting that synthesis between the 'I' and the 'not-I', which he needs if reality is to have any existential value at all, how *does* he act, how does he bridge the abyss between the self-contained 'I' and the objective world?

In *Crime and Punishment* the problem how the deed could ever spring from the motive when Raskolnikov's very power to act was increasingly being corroded by his self-consciousness, is solved through the introduction of an extraneous force. A concatenation of chance circumstances which must be ascribed to a direct interference of the devil, leads Raskolnikov, as it were, in a trance to the actual committing of his crime. In *A Raw Youth* in the scene where Versilov breaks the ikon left to him by the old and venerated Makar Ivanovich, the double is introduced. The double is the force which really acts, when the man-god has destroyed his link with reality and is no longer able even on the natural plane to give an outward objective expression to his 'I'. In *The Brothers Karamasov* finally, in Ivan's hallucination, the devil and the double are merged into one vision of horror.

What is the double? It is a homunculus, the product of a new and unexpected division in man, arising when the false claim of autonomous oneness has destroyed the last link of the 'I' with objective reality. The double is the 'I' without any existential value, the 'I' denuded of the mysterious but vital awareness of its own reality. It is the 'I' as others see us, when they do not love us. It is, as Dostoevsky describes it in *The Double*, a caricature of the 'I'.

The double is the result of a false ontological direction taken by the primordial dynamic of the human spirit. When self-awareness does no longer urge man to seek in the absolute a fulfilment which transcends himself, when the spirit, curbed back upon itself, breaks down under the burden of his spontaneity, when an unbridgeable chasm has opened between the intuition of the 'I'—the certainty of its being endowed with a maximum of existential value—and its reality, when the reality of the 'I' and its spontaneity oppose each other in irreconcilable conflict, then the double emerges in the mind of man. The necessity to save the 'I' from

self-destruction in a conflict which mars the deepest impulse of its spontaneity: to effect a synthesis with reality, to *be*, compels man to seek objective reality even in the ontological vacuum which he has made for himself. To save sanity he will try to invest with real being the shadow which the 'I' casts within itself.

The emergence of the double is the point where the ontological contradiction of self-sufficiency becomes clinical madness, precisely on account of its corrosion of reality. '*Je pense, donc je suis*. I know that for a fact; all the rest, all these worlds, God and even the devil himself—all that I will not accept as being proved: does all that exist, so to say, of itself, or is it nothing but an emanation of my mind, a logical development of "myself"?' Thus the devil, or the double, in his dialogue with Ivan Karamasov. And the unbearable strain of this dialogue consists in this, that reality itself suddenly appears to be nothing but the creation of a diseased mind. When Ivan, already on the verge of a mental breakdown, makes the strange admission to Alyosha: 'I almost wish that he were really he, and not "I",' he is reduced to believing in the devil without believing in God, so that he may escape from himself.

We are face to face with the last stage of desolation of the man-god, man who can no longer be man, unless he be God. 'If God is not, then I am God,' says Kirillov to Werchovensky immediately before his suicide, in a last desperate attempt to save his own reality in the existence of God. And Ivan 'with savage fury' hurls at his uncanny visitor the question, whether there is a God, which means: 'Is God, or *am* I God?' It is the central point of Ivan's battle to save his own reality. If God *is*, then he himself *is*, if God is not, then he himself is God, or the devil, or the double. It does not matter which, for reality itself has become devoid of meaning. And characteristically, the devil's answer is neither 'Yes' nor 'No', but a vague and somewhat flippant philosophizing.

The tragic conflict of the man-god consists in this, that he is forced to act, if he wants to remain real, yet that he cannot act, because he had destroyed the ontological value of action, its *raison d'être*, which is to be a synthesis between the 'I' and the world of objective reality. When Stavrogin bites the ear of the old and venerated governor of the province, he does it not from any ever so depraved a motive. The necessity to act without any motive whatsoever is the only motive of his deed.

Stavrogin's morbid indifference to everything, his *taedium*

vitalis suggests suicide, 'but I could not say myself to what purpose'. He needs a stronger draught to fill the void of his existence. To prove to himself that in spite of everything he is alive, he falls into crime. He commits an abject theft, he forces himself to a life of incredible vileness and vulgarity for no other reason than his craving to feel the repulsion with which his own actions fill him.¹ He explains his marriage with the lame and half demented Marja Timofejewna: 'At about this time and for no particular reason I conceived the idea to ruin my life in some particularly horrible way. Already a year before that time I wanted to shoot myself, but now I struck something better.' The desolation of the man-god has been given pathetic expression in Kirillov's elegy of the leaf, 'a yellow leaf, with still a little bit of green, slightly rotten at the edges'. It is the deepest desire of man, his ontological impulse, to repose in existence, to enjoy the security of creatureliness, which has been robbed of any hope of fulfilment, because he can never shed the burden of his spontaneity.

Dostoevsky has carried the inner contradiction of anthropocentric humanism to its radical and extreme conclusion. He has shown that man, if he wants to confine himself within the bounds of his natural existence, must fall a victim to a dynamic contradiction of his nature, because man is predestined for a fulfilment in grace. He has accepted the challenge of romantic humanism and has understood that modern man, his self-awareness developed to the fullest, cannot find the way back to a more primitive state of relative innocence. He drives man ever forward, man who has rejected the redemptive act of Christ, the man-god who refuses the salvation offered by the God-man, and shows how his spiritual guilt is the immediate cause of his destruction on the plane of natural, psychological experience. But does no ray of divine mercy penetrate this deepest abyss of human isolation? Has Dostoevsky completely and utterly condemned modern man, as he portrayed him in the grandiose and horrifying vision of the man-god, of man who can no longer be man, unless he be God?

Parallel with the story of the man-god's perdition goes the story of his salvation, the vista of a rebirth to an entirely new world. It is the story of love, of intuitive insight into the 'I' of others of *Pronikovenie*.² It forms a major part of Dostoevsky's work.

¹ Cf., a chapter not included in the original edition of *The Possessed* and published under the title, *Die Beichte des Stavrogin*, by Musarion Verlag (Munich, 1922).

² Vyacheslav Ivanov, *Freedom and the Tragic Life* (Harvill Press, 1953), p. 26.

His novels contain many passages of deep and harmonious beauty. The delicacy of touch in Staretz Sossima's biography is rivalled by few works of art and the tenderness of Dostoevsky's humour is often touching against a background of sadness and suffering.

But there is an even deeper synthesis to be found in Dostoevsky's work, a synthesis that is always implied though never explicitly mentioned, but expressed in a symbolic act in one of the latest and greatest of Dostoevsky's works: *The Legend of the Grand-Inquisitor*.

It is a purely religious intuition. It shows the unfathomable depth of grace helping man to save himself from the desolation of spiritual and natural isolation. In a sudden flash of divinely inspired hope it shows that true innocence may not be entirely lost to man, that there may yet be a way out from the empty ravings of the 'I' to the world of truth and objective reality. It shows that God's grace is infinitely greater than man's sin.

When the spirit of man, in his self-claimed autonomy finally stands face to face with—nothing, when all that remains to him of ontological substance is an indefinite and unending swaying between the reality of the 'I' and that of the world, each excluding the other, when the spirit has become powerless to cope with the simplest and therefore the deepest problem of life, consciously to exist and to act, then a sublime truth may dawn on him: God can deliver me from myself, because He is more intimately I than I am myself.

The true depth of our being cannot be fathomed by ourselves and so the reality of the 'I' can never be entirely destroyed. The way is still open into the transcendent reality of Being, so that being can never entirely become a function of the 'I'. Man, even when in the last stages of his struggle against himself, will still find a residue of true innocence: The innermost core of the 'I' which is inaccessible to himself.

Who can say but God, who knows each of us as he really is, where the precise point lies, where we abandon ourselves totally to the powers of darkness? Who would dare to utter a word of complaint, when Alyosha brings to Ivan his message of mercy: 'Not you have killed our father, not you are the murderer. Do you hear me, not you. . . . God has sent me to tell you this.'

Dostoevsky's deep conviction of the unfathomable depth of the human soul, of a residue of childlike innocence in the depths

of moral depravity and spiritual isolation appears over and over again throughout his novels. It accounts not only for many of their most beautiful passages, but for that deep and truly human realism which pervades his work. In that heart-rending scene between Nikolai Stavrogin and Lisa, where two lovers cannot find the way to each other because each of them loves his own love rather than the beloved, Lisa cries. Her tears are genuine, even though a second later she explains them by saying: 'I love to cry, out of pity for myself.' And who knows but that God might forgive that depraved and horrible old man Fjodor Karamasov, because on the envelope which contained the fatal three thousand roubles for 'Grushenka, if she would only come to me', he added later, with a trembling hand, 'and little chicken'. In the midst of the chaotic ruins of a personality, destroyed by selfishness and animal-like lust, we can suddenly see the sparkling of a genuine feeling.

Dostoevsky has given conscious expression to this, the deepest synthesis of the contradiction he saw in man, in a sublime gesture of Christ at the end of the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor. The sign of the divine understanding and the infinite love which will see our innocence even behind our guilt is the silent answer which Christ gives to Torquemada: His kiss. It says: Even thou who blasphemest me, who claimest the freedom to make uncreated truth a means to human ends, even thou dost not know what thou art doing. Even thou art but an innocent tool in the hands of thy Maker.

DEMOCRACY AND HISTORY

By COUNT GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD

THE following reflexions were suggested by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's book, *Liberty or Equality*.¹ In this, the first of two articles, what I propose to do is to sketch an historical corroboration of the thesis presented by that masterly work; in a second I shall attempt an answer to the question it raises: Is democracy possible?

There is one thing wholesome about all major disasters of history: they force communities, no less than individuals, to think once more about their last ends. This they do by presenting a dilemma, that of progress or regression. But politically the dilemma can be defined in two other terms: freedom or fatality.

Great disasters form a breach in historical continuity, opening up as they do a void or trough between one period and another. One age is on the verge of dissolution, the other is about to take shape. But the swifter the ruin of the old era, the slower and more painful the emergence of the new. Thus these gaps in history are full of uncertainty and distress. Every established position is challenged, everything is breaking-up—this we cannot fail to observe; the new pattern is harder to discern. It is vain, therefore, presumptuous and foolish, to exclaim too soon: Behold the new world: a democratic, or a communist world! Rather should we do everything we can to ensure that whatever it is, it shall be a world of freedom.

The spiritual shock caused by the cataclysms of history is reflected in a general state of confusion. Thought is divorced from action, is even positively antagonistic to action. While the masses, led by demagogues and politicians and demi-intellectuals who supply the propaganda, surrender themselves to political passions, the *élite* withdraws into political meditation.

¹ Hollis & Carter, 305.

This is what Kuehnelt-Leddihn has done, before our eyes and on our behalf, with a learning and lively awareness that it would be impossible not to admire even if we were not ourselves in agreement with him. He is simply doing his duty by his time; a difficult duty, as he well knows, calling for many reluctant acceptances and renunciations.

He has treated the subject as a philosopher; anyone who would treat it as an historian is bound to begin with the Greeks.

Ancient Greece is a prototype of Europe; its history, the dress rehearsal of European history. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle—to take only those three great names—gave their minds to the subject of the *polis* and the *politeia* during that historical void when the age of the city-state was coming to an end, just before the emergence of the age of empires: Alexander's and Rome's, with the Hellenistic monarchies to connect these. What had happened was that the exhausting struggles of the Hellenic cities among themselves, and within each city the no less exhausting inter-party feuds, had brought about a decadence which there was nothing to check but foreign intervention, that of the Macedonian first, then that of the Roman. At the end of this age of decadence, this typical trough-period, Greece has lost her independence and discovered her enslavement.

The dilemma that confronted Socrates and Plato and Aristotle was the same dilemma that confronts us now: freedom or fatality. Where did they look for its solution?

The Greeks submitted to the law of fate, that law which even the gods must obey. But what did they mean by fate? Nothing other than the eternity of the universe. Like a self-winding clock, its movement, as it perpetually described time within duration, was an unceasing return to the point where it began. The law of fate was therefore a law of periodical returns, of an incessant beginning-again. It governed the universe, the macrocosm, and also man, the microcosm. Corresponding to the ages of man's life, his years, months and weeks, were the ages of cosmic duration with their own age-long years and months and weeks. This conception of fate precluded all idea of evolution and progress. Did it also preclude all idea of freedom?

No. The Greeks submitted to fate, but they believed in intelligence, they had two words to describe its mode of operation:

nous and *logos*. The first was pure intelligence; the second the ordaining and creative word of a *theos*. I am not proposing to translate this third word as 'God', because I want to convey that vagueness and elasticity so prevalent in the Greek metaphysical vocabulary; so I will call it 'the divine'. In the intelligible world it was the first and most sublime idea, that upon which all others converged, among them the ideas of man and the State. Here I am being Platonic—superficially, I admit.

Greek intelligence found two ways of mastering fate; or, as the Greeks themselves said, of persuading necessity.

They were by no means only artists and poets and philosophers; they were also musicians, mathematicians and astronomers. By calculation and the study of the stars they believed they were in a position to define the time in which they lived, to mark its periods and decide whether or not it was an iron age, whether it was approaching or receding from the golden age. Even to be able to read the time of history on the clock-face of fate was effectually to escape mere blind resignation in submitting to the law of destiny. But Greek intelligence could do more than this. By cleaving to the *theos* by means of the *logos* it could pierce like a ray of light the dark cloud of fatality.

But to get back to the State.

Intelligence could unite both man and the State to the divine, so as to make man better and the State more just.

The chief inspiration of the great Greeks was the love of freedom, the freedom of man within the city, of the city within Greece, of Greece within the world. There was nothing abstract about this love. Its motive was patriotism. But it was an expansive patriotism, one that tended to be ecumenical. 'We call Greeks,' wrote Isocrates, 'all those who have the same education as ourselves, rather than those who have the same racial origin.'

So it was by virtue of education that one was, or could become, a Greek. But who provided this education, or ought to provide it? The answer was the State.

For the Greeks, that is for the philosophers we have referred to, there were certain institutions and forms of government that were beneficial and educative; others, that were mischievous and corrupting. The former were productive of justice, the latter of injustice. But the end of injustice was the loss of freedom, a falling into servitude. It was then that fate claimed its rights, for men

could not stay or control events which their own injustice had allowed to run riot, events which became themselves the vengeance of the gods.

For Plato the idea of the perfect State had its existence in the intelligible world of ideas. It was the mission, therefore, of philosophers and educators to transform, if they could, the imperfect State of the sensible world into the likeness of the perfect State of the intelligible world. For this, the first thing to do was to examine critically the various existing forms of government in order to discover which possessed most of the characteristics of the perfect State.

There are two points to bear in mind if we are to understand the aim of their inquiry.

We must, in the first place, distinguish the *régime* from mere institutions and forms of government. A *régime* may be defined as a way of living in society in conformity with a particular conception of man; institutions and forms of government are only pieces of legal machinery. As far as the Greeks are concerned the distinction is fundamental. For them, the *régime* was the city; of which institutions and forms of government only determined the varying forms. Whether it were Athens, or its antithesis Sparta, or any other *polis*, the cult of the city—faith in its divine origin and the citizen's obligation to defend it with his life—the *régime*, in short, was always the same. Well, the aim of the Big Three (if I may so describe them) was to save the *régime* of the city. In order to do so, they set out to discover which was the form of government, which were the institutions it was necessary to adopt, if there was to be an end of decadence and a salvage of the body politic.

The second thing to remember is the law of continual renewal and return, the law that governed cosmic duration. According to this, the age when men's imperfect city approached most closely to the perfect city of the Idea could have been none other than the golden age. It lay in the past, where myth meets history; but, however remote, it must some day return. Thus, restoring the city meant preparing its return to the golden age, or at any rate preparing oneself for its return. Recourse to the past, for the Greeks, was itself a passionate appeal to the future.

Plato distinguished six forms of government. Three of them were just and fully worthy of respect: monarchy, aristocracy and what he called 'timocracy', an intermediate state between rule by title of birth and rule by title of wealth. Corresponding to each

was a degenerate form: oligarchy, democracy and tyranny. Later Plato came to modify his terminology. For timocracy he substituted moderate democracy, of which absolute democracy was the degenerate form. Finally Aristotle, realist that he was, replaced moderate democracy with the 'polity', a republic both aristocratic and democratic, based upon the middle class.

It is a moral and also an historical hierarchy: moral, because the forms of government succeed one another in a descending scale of justice, in an ascending scale of injustice; historical, because from the present it rises in an ascending order of merit to the past. Consequently monarchy is the most just because it is the oldest of all institutions and forms of government. Indeed, after the failure of the democratic experiment, it seemed to be the only hope left. Hence the return to favour it enjoyed in Greece. It was due to the political thought of the Big Three and their disciples that it ceased to be confused with tyranny.

Socrates, Plato and Aristotle were all opposed to democracy, but not through any political fanaticism. Plato himself, aristocrat as he was, laid down the conditions in which it could be workable and just. But for all three it remained poised in a state of hazardous equilibrium, balanced precariously between justice and injustice. Of the various forms of government it was the weakest of all, the most inclined to relapse into its opposite, tyranny. This downfall, this reversal, duly takes place when the *demos* prefers equality to freedom.

We had no other choice but to take Greece as our starting-point. There, political thought came to birth, and in conditions strikingly similar to those in Europe at the present day. This political thought—especially the hierarchy of forms of government as outlined by Socrates, completed by Plato and corrected by Aristotle—conditioned our own political thinking down to the French Revolution. We can see the proof of it in Thomas Aquinas, in Montesquieu, in Jean Jacques Rousseau. But here I should refer the reader to Kuehnelt-Leddihn's book, with all its plentiful references and quotations.

The prejudice against democracy that lasted so many centuries was not wholly due to the criticism it underwent at the hands of the three great philosophers; it was due also to its failure in Greece and to the consequences of that failure. But the Athenian democracy was not democratic: it was a democracy of the privi-

leged. Necessity created it, the necessity of uniting the people against the Persian invasion; it achieved greatness in this particular town, where genius reigned and the people governed. Actually the régime established by Pericles might rightly be called a principate. It rested on two pillars: democracy at home, imperialism abroad. But the democracy bore so hard upon the empire that in the end the latter revolted. The loss of her *archè* was the ruin of Athens, that and the Peloponnesian War. The cities in league against her fought for freedom; the Athenians themselves for democracy: an interesting issue! Athens passed, to put it briefly, from enlightened democracy to demagoguery, from freedom to equality and from equality to complete collapse. Once Pericles was dead, all fell to ruin.

It is clear from the example of Athens that there is no comparison to be made between the democracy of the past and the democracy of the present.

From the fifth century before Christ to the eighteenth after, or in other words for twenty-three centuries, democracy was never a régime. There was a régime of the city, of the barbarian tribe, a feudal and a monarchical-aristocratic régime; but never a democratic one, in the sense in which we understand it today.

It is true that within these régimes, in their atmosphere as it were, there are various democratic institutions to be found; but never in a pure state, always in combination with an element of aristocracy. The extent of the dilution varies, but this other element is always there. There is only one conclusion to draw: in the past, at any rate, there was a certain affinity between aristocracy and democracy. The second was simply an extension of the first.

The balance was struck in a mixed form of government, the aristocratic democracy. Yet the complete and perfect régime, not only in theory but in practice, is discoverable in the combination of all three forms: monarchy, aristocracy and democracy. It would even seem—if we take an archaic form, the Germanic tribe, for an example—that the combination is due to something instinctive in the 'political animal'. At any rate, when these three forms are found together they certainly serve to control and to moderate one another.

The democracy of the past needed a social *élite* to provide its political and military leaders. It permitted the existence of a

superior class, specialized, alike by birth and education, for the government of the State and for leadership in war. But the *multitudo*—the people, in this case, organized in corporations—reserved the right to choose, by election or nomination, the men in this class whose services it required. It allowed hereditary nobility but not hereditary office.

Whenever a democracy has degenerated into demagoguery it has always produced a dictatorship. There is nothing so very shocking, in this connexion, about the word, or even the thing. Dictatorship has always existed, and always will. Antiquity, the Romans in particular, had organized the institution and given it legality. It is, in fact, the child of necessity, whether it be internal dissolution that needs to be checked or the State to be defended from an external danger under a single supreme command. But it should never last longer than the necessity that brought it about: its very nature requires this, for it is not a régime but an institution, an occasional and temporary institution. Totalitarianism, on the other hand, unlike dictatorship, is a régime. There can be totalitarianism without a dictatorship, just as there can be an anti-totalitarian dictator. I know one: his name is Salazar.

The democracy of the past was always a government of small groups: a government not of States but of cities. There, in this difference, lies the whole distinction between past and present democracy. Clearly, then, the only thing they really have in common is their name. When contemporary democracy appeals to the democracy of the past it is simply behaving like a *nouveau riche* who buys a country-house complete with ancestral portraits. He is the owner of the pictures, but not the descendant of any of the sitters. He is lucky if he can claim a bailiff for his ancestor, or one of the former tenants on the estate.

The democracies of the past might form part of a greater whole, which could either be a confederation or a monarchical State. We are bound to recognize that there has been only one successful confederation, namely Switzerland. Even there, thanks to internal dissensions, it took five and a half centuries for the achievement to be completed. Internal dissensions are the great vice of confederations. For a confederation to endure, there must be a central power that is strong and above all stable. In Switzerland, the Federal Council; in the United States, the President. There could be only one such central power in the past, namely a monarchy.

The democracy of the past was so small, and so unstable, that it was inevitably absorbed by a big monarchical State (unless, as happened with the Dutch and the Florentines, the democracy itself became a monarchy). The only open question was whether the big State would allow it to keep its local autonomy. The French Revolution was much more levelling than the monarchy had been under Richelieu or Louis XIV, and that not only at home but in its conquered territories: in the name of the Republic it made an end of all the 'democracies of the past'. See what happened to Switzerland between 1797 and 1803.

So we can sum up by saying that none of the forms assumed by what we call the democracy of the past corresponds to what we now understand by democracy. The democracy of today is something entirely new, a phenomenon without precedent.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, no democrat, but a believer in elective aristocracy, made the following observation in his *Contrat Social*: 'No government is so subject to civil wars, to internal disturbances, as is the democratic or popular, because there is none that tends so strongly and so continually to change; to keep it what it is, none calls for more constant vigilance and courage.'

Another instance, this, of the clearsightedness shown by the great Genevan at his best. For it is precisely this changeableness, this losing of its proper form and swinging over to its opposite, that strikes us when we look at contemporary democracy.

Nineteenth-century democracy assumed a new form: it was that of liberalism. There was a certain nobility in the liberal ideal; it was full of generous aspirations, and also of delusions. There were two things liberalism dreaded: a return of the old régime, and the omnipotence of the state. But its principles forced it to be democratic. It established the reign of public opinion. In doing so it released forces far more momentous than it ever guessed; in spite of all its precautions it was unable to control them. What liberalism achieved was an unstable balance, and socialism upset it; for the intervention of socialism caused democracy to develop in a direction that was the very opposite to liberalism. The deviation had begun.

It was completed by stages. Throughout these stages democracy was perceptibly straying further from individualism in the direction of collectivism, constantly restricting freedom in the interest of equality.

The stage was reached when democracy had ceased to be the preserve of the upper middle class and became the monopoly of the *petit bourgeois* and peasant classes: this was the stage of radicalism. As the representative of these classes, radicalism had two demands to make: universal suffrage, and State intervention in political and social life.

The second stage is that of state-ism. The State is no longer the kind policeman it was for liberalism; it has been transformed into a providence. Hence a series of consequences.

The principle of equality had to yield to the urgent requirements of security. But security in practice means State protection, and therefore State intervention. As for freedom, it is now simply a rhetorical term. Freedom means risk and responsibility; no one wants it any more, except in speeches. What is now preferred is a disguised form of slavery. French official jargon neatly records these changes: *le contribuable* becomes *l'assujéti*; *l'impôt* becomes *la fiscalité*.

Another consequence: governments become too weak, too unstable to deserve the name. All that is left to national assemblies is the appearance of power; the reality of power is in the hands of a bureaucracy, which becomes a governing as well as a sheltered class. But there cannot be two powers, two '-cracies' in a nation: a democracy and a bureaucracy. One kills the other. One *has* killed the other, for bureaucracy is stronger than democracy.

Here I quote Bertrand de Jouvenel, writing in the *Gazette de Lausanne* of 24 May, 1949:

The democratic régime was preferred because it provided the closest possible union between government and people; but this it no longer does. The most enlightened citizen can never know enough to be able to pass judgement on every political action; the minister with the best intentions of keeping the public informed has to be content with issuing summaries that can never really put it in possession of all the factors involved in a particular question.

And what does this alarming diagnosis mean?

That we live under two régimes: one legal, which is democracy; the other real, which is state-ism.

Ultimately it means that democracy is incapable of mastering, or even understanding, a situation that is now out of its control.

In these circumstances the question arises: Is contemporary

democracy workable? Is democracy generally, as a régime, still possible?

Let us try to assemble a few facts.

The first is that in any case democracy so far has never been fully realized, it has never found its true form. It is without links with the past; the present is all against it. In other words, it is either unworkable or else it is only in the future that it can be made to work.

The second fact confirms the first. At the present moment, democratic institutions are in active conflict with the régime of state-ism.

There is no evading this conclusion. Democracy is no longer, or is not yet, a régime; it is only an institutional mechanism, driven by an ideology which may be called 'democratism'. It is already old; it has the status of a family portrait. But the actual régime under which we live is a managerial régime, a régime of planning. Whatever be thought of it, and of the future that lies before it, there is no mistaking its presence.

The third fact is that the development of contemporary democracy towards state-ism and even communism is spontaneous, intrinsic. That explains why it has so rapidly changed form and has never been able to achieve stability.

The reason is—and this is the fourth fact—that since the end of the nineteenth century economics and sociology have taken control and possession of politics.

We live in a world of machines and technics, of trusts and syndicates, of production, and even over-production. Such a world is necessarily materialist in complexion and 'concentrationist' in character. It can go on calling itself democratic, protesting its respect for the human person, its own pacific intentions; it can even look back nostalgically to liberalism, but by its very nature, and by the nature of things in general, it draws men inevitably into war and enslavement.

As the reader will have perceived, I have arrived by way of history—even if I have had to take some risky short cuts—at the same conclusions as the author of *Liberty or Equality*. It was impossible to do otherwise: the facts are too glaring.

But I have still to answer the question: Is democracy possible? This will be the subject of a second article.

ABBÉ PRÉVOST AND THE ART OF AMBIGUITY

By ERNEST BEAUMONT

MANUALS of literature mostly treat the work of Prévost with a certain disparagement, rescuing from what they regard as a deserved oblivion only *Manon Lescaut*. One suspects that historians of literature may themselves have sometimes preferred to accept a prevailing prejudice rather than read determinedly through the endless adventures of the Man of Quality and of Cleveland until they came to the briefer and more accomplished work of Prévost's later life. It is, of course, true enough that to modern taste the early novels are far too long; they are also too episodic and they fail to satisfy either our sense of probability or our present view of fantasy; moreover, our heartstrings are less easily played upon than those of our eighteenth-century forefathers, or at least we now take less pleasure therefrom and are more conscious of the absurd than the pathetic. Nevertheless, no work of Prévost's is entirely unrewarding even today, and the shorter works of the author's maturity are certainly worthy of far more fame than they enjoy.

In this essay I intend to touch mainly on the middle period of Prévost's work, that which was written following his reconciliation with the Benedictines and his return to France in 1734, in his thirty-eighth year. The hazards of exile were over, at least for the time being, and he had regularized his position as a religious. Surprisingly enough, perhaps, the main characteristic of the work of this period is moral ambiguity, either inherent in the work itself, as in *Le Doyen de Killerine*, or explicit in the theme, as in the *Histoire d'une Grecque moderne*. It is with those works that I shall be mostly concerned here. Already, of course, in his earliest work, there is evident Prévost's ambivalent attitude towards sexual passion. When in the *Mémoires et Aventures d'un Homme de Qualité* the young marquis reproaches the writer of the memoirs with preaching what he fails to practise,¹ he is proclaiming a fact which

¹ *Œuvres choisies de l'abbé Prévost* (Amsterdam, 1783), Vol. III, p. 111.

has long since struck the reader. The stern warning against the danger of violent passion, which is the form that love customarily takes in the work of Prévost, is thus uttered by a man who has himself succumbed to it in the most absolute manner. By a strange but plausible inconsequence, no doubt intended by the author, the Man of Quality strives by every kind of artifice to thwart a passion which his own experience has led him to regard as over-riding; one may indeed wonder how far the passion of the young marquis is intensified by the obstacles relentlessly placed in his way by his mentor. The seeming inevitability of an irresistible passion is, however, always offset by its tragic consequences. If lovers succeed in being happy together, it is never for very long; death by disease or violence soon overtakes one or the other.

The ambiguous nature of *Manon Lescaut* has been recognized from the time of its publication in France, when on 3 October 1733 a critic in the *Journal de la Cour et de Paris* wrote that the hero was a crook and the heroine a prostitute and yet the author possessed the secret of winning decent people to their cause.¹ The fact is, of course, that Des Grieux is not merely a crook and Manon not merely a prostitute, though it is important to recognize and remember that fundamentally that is what they are. The light of love, however, Des Grieux's love, total, independent of the worthiness of its object, casts a poetic glow over the person of Manon and over the degradation of the hero, as well as over the most criminal actions. All that is done for love, the book implies, whether it be robbery or murder, card-sharpping or deception of a friend, is but an unfortunate necessity, responsibility for which lies ultimately with Providence, who ordained that this love should arise. Thus, in this short novel which has achieved such popularity, speciousness of premise and argument combines with exaltation of sentiment to court the complicity of the reader. The character of Manon herself, superficially enigmatic, owes this quality to the power of distortion possessed by Des Grieux's love. She is, after all, very simple. Provided she lead a life of luxury in Paris, she is satisfied. If the handsome young man with the high social status, Des Grieux, is able to live with her in these circumstances, so much the better, even if he have to share her; but if this is not possible, he must be sacrificed, though the time may come when desire of him returns in strength. The skill that *Manon*

¹ Henry Harrisse, *L'Abbé Prévost, Histoire de sa vie et de ses œuvres* (Paris, Calmann Lévy, 1896), p. 175.

Lescaut reveals, however, is essentially skill in the creation of ambiguity, whether it be the equivocation with which events are narrated and actions justified or the subtle insinuation of complexity in a character crudely simple, a creature of instinct for whom moral issues have no existence.

In no work of Prévost's are the author's intentions more closely veiled than in *Le Doyen de Killerine*. The events of this long novel are narrated by a priest, who is the Dean of Coleraine, in Northern Ireland.¹ It is the story of his two half-brothers and his half-sister that he tells, in whose adventures he plays a large and unconsciously disastrous rôle. One of the dean's functions in the author's purpose is, of course, to provide a link between the many episodes that make up the work, but he is more than a mere literary device. He is, for one thing, the vehicle for the moral instruction of the novel, for his relatives, sharing the predisposition of Prévost's heroes and heroines to a deep ineluctable passion, with all the tragic consequences that inevitably ensue, provide ample material for the moralist's reprobation. The dean himself, though shrewd enough in his analyses of men's motives, understands nothing of human passion, having had no experience of it, and this he perceives when writing his memoirs:

I have not experienced passionate love; and without that key you can never have complete understanding of the human heart, which consists only of knowledge of the effects of passion. How can you conceive, when your own heart is calm, that there are stirrings capable of causing you to forget duties you love and which you do not violate even without remorse.²

His knowledge is derived from books. Thus it is that the basic misadventure of the novel, from which a large part of the tragic happenings derive, is due to his unwanted interference. The initial error of his brother Patrick in marrying Sarah Fincer is due solely to the emotional pressure exerted by the dean, for Patrick is hustled by him into a marriage with a woman he does not love, whilst he is at the same time passionately in love with another woman. The dean is unable to understand that this passion has the overwhelming intensity that it has and he imagines that for a marriage to be successful a feeling of gratitude for help received and financial self-interest are adequate conditions.

¹ It is made clear in the novel that the dean is a Catholic priest.

² *Œuvres choisies de l'abbé Prévost*, Vol. VIII, p. 96.

The dean, though capable on occasion of artifice and equivocation, is a self-righteous man and there is a rich vein of comedy, insufficiently exploited, in his ingenuous account of events, through which pierces the fact that he is a meddling moralizer, from whose good offices and interminable sermons the rest of his family understandably flee. It is difficult not to see in this portrayal of the unconscious havoc wrought by a well-intentioned priest, whose knowledge of human passion is purely theoretical, a deliberate if discreet criticism of sacerdotal incomprehension of what is entailed in human passion, allied with sacerdotal readiness to take drastic decisions in such matters on behalf of others. The dean's position as moral commentator on the course of events is further undermined by his physical appearance, which the author has rendered as grotesque as possible. To an unfortunate infirmity which has given him crooked legs, a humped back and a humped chest, is added the startlingly unusual feature of two large warts over his eyes, jutting out like horns. It cannot be doubted that Prévost is using an old and crude device to create a figure of fun. There is both comedy and tragedy inherent in the dean's dealings with his family. His fundamental fault, which provokes this two-fold effect, is his inability to harmonize moral theory with the working of human nature. Yet, though he may give ill advice, he is always generous in his help and unsparing in his devotion to his family, and the moral theory to which he gives utterance is impeccably presented. The ambiguity lies in the fact that the moral comment, though cogently made, is put in the mouth of this priest who is both a figure of fun and a source of catastrophe. In the circumstances, however valid his moral teaching may seem to be in itself, how seriously can we take it? That is the question which the novel seems to pose, but to which it provides no entirely unequivocal answer.

It may be seen that Prévost here shows at least an acute awareness of a fundamental problem, the reconciliation of the theory of Christian morality and human nature as exemplified in particular persons. Though it is true that in this novel 'everything comes right in the end', that is to say, for those who survive, yet the salvage of morality ultimately achieved is due less to the skill of the priest than to the contrivance of the novelist. Indeed, the priest, as we have seen, is a blunderer and the novelist seems deliberately to detract from the seriousness of the views he presents. The impression the novel gives is that there is really no means of har-

monizing moral orthodoxy and human behaviour. The former takes no account of the phenomenon which preoccupies Prévost, intense irresistible sexual passion. It is in fact the dean's failure to recognize the existence of this phenomenon which is mainly responsible for the various *contretemps* which constitute the novel. This sexual passion which Prévost postulates knows no laws. As Cleveland comments, when his half-brothers Bridge and Gélén leave him to seek to rejoin the women they love: 'The undertaking which called them was stronger than all laws and all promises.'¹

Prévost undoubtedly believed that there are certain passions preordained, outside the normal ordering of human life, beyond the reaches of the moral law. As, however, he was a religious man, the genuineness of whose faith, whatever its shortcomings, there is no reason to doubt, he was led to believe that such passions were part of a divine plan which escaped the comprehension of man. Near the beginning of his memoirs, the Man of Quality reflects at some length on this subject. As the passage is important for the understanding of Prévost, I will quote a rather long extract:

No one is more persuaded than I am of the reality of a first crime which has made all men guilty, weak and unhappy. That is the foundation of Christianity and I can see nothing better established. But if, through an effect of this first crime, all our passions are of ourselves and have their source in our own hearts, why are we not equally drawn towards all persons that may be the object of them? I will explain my thought. Why, for example, while the general inclination that we have for women has only a certain degree of strength, does a particular passion, by which we are suddenly overtaken, sometimes have infinitely more strength? It seems to me that a feeling of love, which is born before reflexion, could not have more extent than what is commonly called concupiscence. Now concupiscence, with respect to women, is only that general inclination that we have for them. I would conclude from this that extraordinary passions, such as that of my father, have some other principle, which is joined to the disorderliness caused by Original Sin. Providence allows them for ends not always known to us, but which are always worthy of her. This thought has nothing offensive for the holiness of God: for indeed love does not make us criminal, when the object is legitimate and when it does not cause us to neglect what we owe to the Creator.²

However, the case arises when the object is not legitimate, as indeed, through the ignorant interference of the dean, it does in

¹ Ibid., Vol. V, p. 27.

² Ibid., Vol. I, pp. 7-8.

Le Doyen de Killerine. The Man of Quality's argument does not in reality distinguish between licit and illicit love; the extraordinary passions to which he refers may arise in any circumstances. Prévost's lovers rarely think of what they owe to God; in practice they have no thought of anything but of each other. What Prévost postulates is the romantic conception of love, so popular a century later, and which in the twentieth century Paul Claudel, in poetic drama of undoubted greatness, has striven more strenuously than Prévost, if scarcely more successfully, to reconcile with Christianity. The passage quoted above must be considered in conjunction with some later reflexions in the same work, where there appears the pseudo-Platonic notion of predestined lovers, a notion which can recognize no such distinctions as licit or illicit:

I could not doubt, after the experience I have had of it, that there are hearts made for one another and who would never love if they were not happy enough to meet. But it is enough for two such hearts to meet for a moment for them to feel that they are necessary to each other and that their happiness depends on their never separating. A secret force draws them to love of each other; they recognize one another, so to speak, at the first approach, and, without help of protestations, trials and oaths, confidence arises suddenly between them and leads them to drop all defences.¹

The theological definition of marriage is invoked by Cleveland in order to justify the feeling of love arising in a married man for a third party. Contemplating divorce from his wife and marriage with Cécile, whom he does not yet know to be his daughter, Cleveland argues that, since in marriage only the body is involved, his feelings have already been released from fidelity to his wife by what he mistakenly imagines to be her betrayal of him. His divorce will free him from fidelity to his wife's body, which is alone involved in marriage.² As the whole of Prévost's work bears witness to the primacy of feeling in relations between the sexes, Cleveland's argument in effect makes a cleavage between love and marriage. Fundamentally, the view underlying these novels seems to be that love provides its own sanctification, though the formality of marriage is usually respected. In *Le Doyen de Killerine*, however, when it is discovered that George has taken Dona Figuerrez as his mistress, he asks the dean what difference there is between a liaison of this sort and marriage:

¹ Ibid., Vol. I, p. 183.

² Ibid., Vol. V, p. 524.

Vol. 229. No. 468.

Why would you not find it as indissoluble as marriage, if its essence consists in the same way merely in the consent of the will? Why would it not appear as respectable to you? Is it not a state of nature, which is the first and most holy of all the laws?¹

It is characteristic of the ambiguity of outlook which pervades this book that the dean, while censuring this viewpoint of his brother's, provides no argument against it, but passes over it with noticeable hastiness.

The *Histoire d'une Grecque moderne* is a relatively short and a very successful novel, free for the most part from the defects of digression and melodrama which mar the earlier works. It seems to have been inspired by the history of a Circassian girl bought by the French Ambassador to Turkey towards the close of the seventeenth century and brought up in a convent in France. This was Mlle Aïssé, whose published letters are among the most fascinating documents of human interest in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. However, the interest of the novel does not lie in its relationship with Mlle Aïssé, which is in any case remote.² It lies in the character and behaviour of the central figure, Théopbé, who is a more satisfactory embodiment of the enigma of feminine personality than is Manon, for the enigma she presents has a certain reality, not being but an illusion created by love, though it may be in part an illusion created by suspicion.

When the ambassador, at her request, buys the Greek girl from her Turkish owner, she is sixteen years old and exceedingly attractive. The Frenchman has no motive, or at least no conscious motive, for his action beyond the desire to be of service to a girl apparently in distress. Eventually, of course, he falls in love with her, but, though seemingly devoted to him, she refuses to be his mistress or (when the ambassador is reduced to the extremity of making the offer) his wife. She rejects the former condition because it is not in keeping with the moral teaching of Western Europe which the ambassador himself has inculcated in her so assiduously and she rejects the latter condition on account of her own unworthiness, albeit involuntary, of which the same moral teaching has rendered her conscious. In other words, the French-

¹ Ibid., Vol. X, pp. 399-400.

² The relationship is discussed in an interesting article by Emile Bouvier, 'La Génèse de l'Histoire d'une Grecque moderne', which appeared in the *Revue d'Histoire littéraire de la France*, for April-June 1948, pp. 113-30.

man finds to his chagrin that the morality which he himself preaches but fails to practise nevertheless has its repercussion upon him. He realizes that either he should not have grounded Théopbé so thoroughly in Christian ethics or else he should not have failed himself to live up to them:

Was it for me, I said to myself bitterly, to act the preacher and the catechist? How absurd for a man of my condition and age! I should have been sure I could find in my own maxims the remedy I needed for myself. I should have been persuaded of everything I preached so that I could draw my own rule of conduct from it. Isn't it a sorry state of affairs that, addicted as I am to the pleasures of the senses, I should have undertaken to make a girl chaste and virtuous? Ah! I've had my punishment for it.¹

His first intention, following this lesson, of substituting novels for the works of the Jansenists Arnauld and Nicole² that he has provided as her reading matter he abandons, not wishing to owe any success to the temporary emotional effects of fiction.

There are two problems which the novel deliberately poses. What is the nature of Théopbé's feelings for the ambassador and what are her relations with other men? In this latter connexion the point is whether she is so naïve, so innocent, as she appears. From the start the Frenchman entertains some doubt as to the Greek girl's complete veracity, though he never once proves her false. The analysis of his reactions to her account of her past life is unfortunately far too long for quotation, but it is a most subtle piece of writing, in which the girl's behaviour is subjected to an acute examination, from which it does not emerge without appearing somewhat questionable.³ Thus, doubt is insinuated from the beginning and it remains to the last page, always plausibly maintained, never resolved.

Théopbé rejects the advances of a rich Turk and even turns down his ultimate offer of marriage. Yet, she allows the young

¹ L'Abbé Prévost, *Histoire d'une Grecque moderne* (Paris Flammarion, 1899), Vol. II, pp. 53-4.

² In *Etudes critiques sur 'Manon Lescaut'*, University of Chicago Press, 1929, pp. 47-69, Paul Hazard seeks to prove that *Manon Lescaut* is a 'Jansenist novel', that Des Grieux is an exponent of the doctrine of Jansenius. While it is obvious enough that Prévost was far from hostile to Jansenism, it must be said that the evidence is hardly conclusive enough to justify too categorical assertions about his theological orthodoxy or heterodoxy.

³ *Histoire d'une Grecque moderne*, Vol. I, pp. 61-3.

man who is probably her brother liberties more than fraternal,¹ though when reproached she ingenuously pleads ignorance as to the limits of brotherly affection.² In Leghorn, where the recalled ambassador stays on his way home, she falls violently in love with a Frenchman, who leaves suddenly, however, imagining that he is trespassing on another's preserve. In Paris she has a plausible if not entirely convincing reason for seeming to encourage the advances of another young man and the later charge brought against her that she receives him in her room is not substantiated, while the accuser herself is rather, but not altogether, discredited. Théopbé stays with the ambassador, eventually old and infirm, until her premature death. It is true that she has asked to be allowed to live in a convent and been refused permission by the irritated old man; it is also true that at an earlier date, in Turkey, she fled from his house, claiming when intercepted by him that her intention was to travel to Europe, where she would be able to start life afresh, according to the principles he had taught her, free even from the shame of anyone having knowledge of her past mode of life.³ However, in spite of these apparent attempts to leave him, she remains in fact with him and never gives expression to sentiments for him other than the warmest and most devoted.

The old man, when he is writing his memoirs after her death, is clearly doubtful about her virtue and puzzled by her attitude to himself. Prévost's subtlety, however, is of the most complex. As the Dean of Coleraine writes unaware of the impression that he makes on others but which at the same time he unconsciously discloses, so does the ambassador write unaware of the extent to which the enigma of Théopbé's personality may be the product of his understandable suspiciousness and entirely unconscious of the tyranny which he has exercised over the unfortunate girl, all of which nevertheless appears through his narrative. Théopbé is undoubtedly a more complex person than Manon. Certain doubts about the innocence of her attitude remain, unresolvable. Her attitude to the ambassador, however, is susceptible of a plausible explanation. Though she may have intended in the first place merely to use him as an instrument of her liberation, she does owe

¹ The theme of incestuous passion, equivocally introduced as in this novel, appears also, as will already have been seen, in *Le Philosophe anglais; histoire de Cleveland, fils naturel de Cromwell, etc.* There, Cleveland's daughter, Cécile, dies of her incestuous passion for her father, conceived of course in ignorance of their real relationship, which is ultimately revealed.

² *Histoire d'une Grecque moderne*, Vol. I, p. 161.

³ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 92.

him a debt of gratitude for that liberation and for the moral instruction he has given her and of which she seems to have made a genuine and reasoned acceptance. It may even be that her understanding of the moral teaching, which was evidently derived from Jansenist works,¹ as well as preventing her from responding to the ambassador's sensual desire, also contributed to maintaining her devotedly by him, in lifelong gratitude. What is clear is that she has no love for him, in the sense in which she feels love for the Frenchman in Leghorn. No doubt the ambassador's vanity prevents him from realizing this completely. One may reasonably conclude, then, that Théophré's sense of gratitude and the moral sense generally which he has developed in her combine with his unconsciously tyrannical attitude to keep her at his side, but there may be occasions when agreeable alternatives to the ageing ambassador's suspicious and frustrated love prove a temporary and possibly innocent solace.

There is, however, another possibility or at least an additional factor which should not be neglected. In the account which Théophré gives of her past life, there is a sentence which has striking implications. She is describing her reactions in the seraglio:

It seemed to me that my feelings had more expansion than my knowledge, and that what occupied my soul was the desire of some good of which I had no conception.²

There is evident in that short passage the romantic nostalgia, the intangible desire of the inaccessible, the impossible. No other reference is made in the novel to this aspect of Théophré, yet Prévost cannot have written this sentence without purpose. If we take full account of what the Greek girl here says of herself and accept it as truthful, which there is every reason to do as she has had no opportunity of acquiring factitious experience through books, we may see in her subsequent behaviour, underlying it, this hankering after something which she cannot define. For the short time that he is present, the Frenchman at Leghorn may seem to offer what she is seeking, but presumably no one else does, certainly not the ambassador. So Théophré lives on with her unsatisfied and unsatisfiable ideal, dying an early death, having

¹ Ibid., Vol. II, p. 55.

² Ibid., Vol. I, pp. 51-2.

perhaps ceased to hope. This explanation does not invalidate the one suggested above, but rather is complementary at a deeper level of existence. However, all that one may say about Théopbé is conjecture. Only in the account of her life that she gives to the ambassador do we see her from within; otherwise, it is his mind alone that we see working. Thus does Prévost's skill maintain the reader's speculation; it is no small feat to have created an enigmatic personality, convincing as such, and whose behaviour is susceptible of explanations but of no definitive interpretation.

It is clear, I hope, from what I have written that these works of Prévost's provide a psychological interest which historians of literature seem to have failed to recognize. Prévost is a more subtle and complex writer than they have generally allowed; he is not merely the author of *Manon Lescaut*. Certain discerning analyses, the very preoccupations the works disclose, fix our attention on the author, about whom our information is tantalizingly slight. What we do know, however, reflects the ambiguity of attitude which makes of *Le Doyen de Killerine* so strange a medley of edification and burlesque. Uneasiness of spirit was evidently allied with a high degree of emotivity. 'If I want to be happy in Religion,' he wrote one of his brothers, not long after his profession, 'I must keep, in all its strength, the impression of grace which has brought me to it.'¹ It is of the nature of impressions, as we all know, to fade, and they may be replaced by different ones. That he had no vocation Prévost realized well enough some years later. As he wrote from The Hague to a fellow-Benedictine at Saint-Germain-des-Prés, some time after his own unauthorized departure:

If a little justice be done me, it will be agreed that I was in no wise suited for the monastic state, and all those who have known the secret of my vocation² have never augured well of it.³

His reconciliation with the Order entailed a further year's novitiate and his letters at that time reveal an attitude to this discipline which is anything but spiritual. In one letter he asks a clerical friend to send news from Paris 'to a poor novice who has now no amusement but the breviary'⁴ and in another he writes, in

¹ Henry Harrisse, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

² This appears to have been an unhappy love affair. (See Henry Harrisse, *op. cit.*, p. 15.)

³ *Ibid.*, p. 162. Letter to Dom Clément de la Rue, 10 November 1731.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 250. Letter to Abbé Le Blanc, 10 September 1735.

English, presumably for greater discretion: 'I'm condemn'd to live here to the 10th of december, and no sollicitations [sic] could prevail on the Pope to lessen my spiritual punishment.'¹

Though never a devout man,² Prévost's works show him to have been a religious man, in the sense at least that he was fully alive to religious issues, much preoccupied with religious problems. The main difficulty for him seems to have been the relationship of passionate love and the moral law, of both of which he had good knowledge. He was of course deeply interested by human behaviour generally and by the feminine heart in particular. If one is tempted to judge him as a monk, we may recall that fellow-Benedictines buried him in the priory church of Saint-Nicolas d'Acy, near Senlis,³ and united in the same epitaph mention of his status as priest and monk and of his fame as the author of many books:

HIC JACET D. ANTONIUS PREVOST

SACERDOS MAJORIS ORDIN. S. BENEDICTI

MONACHUS PROFESSUS QUAM PLURIMIS

VOLUMINIBUS IN LUCEM EDITIS INSIGNITUS

OBIIT 25. NOVEMBRIS 1763.

*REQUIESCAT IN PACE.*⁴

¹ Ibid., p. 254. Letter to Thieriot, November 1735.

² Ibid., p. 162. Letter to Dom Clément de la Rüe, from which I have already quoted: '*Je vis, grâces au Ciel, sans reproche. Tel en Hollande qu'à Paris; point dévot, mais réglé dans ma conduite et dans mes mœurs, et toujours inviolablement attaché à mes vieilles maximes de droiture et d'honneur.*'

³ The priory was demolished during the Revolution.

⁴ Henry Harrisse, op. cit., p. 452.

JACQUES MARITAIN AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART¹

By E. A. SILLEM

IT would be quite impossible to give within the space of a short article even a sketch of the wealth of ideas and the range of topics connected with art and the philosophy of art for which Maritain has found a place in his new book. Those who know his earlier books will recognize many principles which have been incorporated from them, but now they appear in a fresh light because they are presented within the framework of a new synthesis or philosophical theory. Maritain has never failed to insist that all art is productive and creative. But now he has written an entire book, the purpose of which has led him to study first and foremost the nature of artistic creation and the manner in which the modern artist conceives his creative artistry. Hence one prolonged and sustained process of reflexion on one basic theme concerning the nature of art runs like a leitmotiv through the entire work giving it an admirable unity and making it as near a work of art itself as possible. In this short article we intend to restrict our attention to Maritain's conception of artistic creation.

The easiest way to appreciate the force and fruitfulness of Maritain's theory is to view it in the light of a key problem about the nature of a work of art which, though not explicitly formulated, is none the less easily picked out by the reader as being fundamental in *Creative Intuition* (cf. pp. 57-59; 238-43 for example).

A work of art is an integral or complete whole of many parts. The beauty of a work of art, as of any natural object, consists in its completeness, its faultlessness or perfection, that is to say in the fullness of its integrity as one complete thing. It consists in the manner in which each one of its many parts, even the smallest, is so exactly proportioned within the whole and so happily placed

¹ *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry*, by J. Maritain (Harvill Press, 42s.).

within it that no single one could be altered in the smallest way without impairing the perfection of the whole piece. Now a work of art is a work conceived and produced by an artist: it comes from a man who in producing it has used many very different powers of soul and body. He has used his intellect and will, his imagination and his various external senses; each has made its own special contribution to the production of the finished work which all admire as beautiful because it is a faultless, complete whole. But a thing which is one complete whole does not come forth from the many different powers of an artist considered as so many disparate or individually specialized powers, but as unified into one harmonious and integral system of parts forming the unique agent we call the artist. The problem, therefore, is to explain how, in producing a work of art, an artist is empowered to use his many different powers of soul and body in such perfect accord and harmony that they, as it were, conspire together in producing that thing, the work of art, which is so excellently, so perfectly one that it might have come from one simple, undivided source. What has united all the different spiritual and bodily powers of the artist and brought them to act in such striking concord with each other? After all, it is not given to many men to act in this complete and undivided way, putting their entire selves into the thing they produce. How does it come about, then, that an artist, the really creative artist, works as though he was unaffected by the inner law of disunion and strife amongst his members which afflicts each and every son of Adam even in his purely natural activities?

Maritain opens his book by stating clearly the senses in which he intends to use the two words 'art' and 'poetry'. Both terms have a much wider sense in his philosophy than they have in the ordinary language of daily life. 'By Art I mean the creative or producing, work-making activity of the human mind', and thus it covers in Maritain's philosophy the whole range of man's creative efforts. 'By poetry I mean, not the particular art which consists in writing verses, but a process both more general and more primary: that intercommunication between the inner being of things and the inner being of the human self which is a kind of divination. . . . Poetry, in this sense, is the secret life of each and all of the arts; another name for what Plato called *mousike*' (p. 3). The word 'poetry' denotes one of those primary experiences we cannot define; we must be satisfied with descriptions of it. Later on he

says: 'Poetry is a divination of the spiritual in the things of sense . . . which expresses itself in the things of sense and in a delight of sense' (p. 235). Hence, of course, taking the word 'art' and 'poetry' in these senses, it is clear that 'Art and poetry cannot do without one another' (p. 3); on the contrary, they are essentially related to one another, and Maritain's task in his book is to decide precisely what are the relationships between them. The problem assumes vaster proportions before long for Maritain has to show in particular how poetry is 'of the same race and blood' as intellect (p. 90).

Art is concerned with making things that are beautiful. Beauty, however, is by no means restricted to the sphere of art; we find it in the world of nature. Man is made to admire beauty, and whenever he finds something in the world which he acclaims as beautiful 'the prime fact that is to be observed is a sort of interpenetration between Nature and Man' (p. 5). One might say that things are admired as beautiful in the measure that they 'return to man a quality of the human mind which is concealed within them' (p. 6); that wherever man finds consistency, proportion and clarity of form (which are the characteristic features of a beautiful thing) in some natural object, his mind finds something it rejoices in as peculiarly its own. Thus in aesthetic contemplation there is a special coming together, or interpenetration between the world, or some object in the world, and the self.

A work of art is born in a poetic intuition—an altogether unique state of the soul which comes about as an object or scene beheld by the artist in the world of nature deeply permeates the inner self of the artist. Maritain shows (ch. 1) that in the West, unlike the East, even though professedly a study of some object from the outside, natural world, a work of art (remember he speaks especially of poems and paintings) has always been a manifestation of the subjectivity or inner self of the artist. This manifestation of the artist's self has taken different forms at different stages of the history of western art. Maritain distinguishes four such stages, two prior to the Renaissance, one commencing with the Renaissance, and the fourth beginning about the middle of the last century. In mediaeval times an artist always took a detached view of his self; a human person, even the self amongst the most creative of artists, was always conceived as one being amongst other beings. With the breaking up of the Middle Ages and the dawn of the Renaissance, however, a new phase was ushered in,

during which 'the sense of the human Self and of human subjectivity enters a process of internalization, and passes from the *object* depicted to the *mode* with which the artist performs his work' (p. 23). During this phase artists still submitted to the primacy of natural objects in their works, but each artist strove to imprint on his works the indelible marks of his own uniqueness, individuality and therefore something of his own subjectivity. Artists rejoiced in the imprint of their own selves stamped on the objects they portrayed from the natural, outside world. In the fourth and final phase, that which is characteristic of our own time and of which the greatest master is Cézanne in the world of painting, 'the process of internalization . . . comes to fulfilment: it reaches the creative act itself. Now subjectivity is revealed, I mean as creative' (p. 27). The modern artist may indeed make studies of the natural world, but he does not submit to the primacy of the natural object. His artistic intention, endeavour and work are directed to expressing, not so much how the world appears in perception, as how he and the outside world commune together in the inner sanctum of the artist's self (cf. pp. 114-15).

Maritain has thus introduced the theme of subjectivity in the section on 'the advent of the self' from chapter 1. From now onwards the question of the rôle played by the inner self of the artist in his creative work takes pride of place, and Maritain turns his attention to the solution of the problem of accounting for the integrity, the perfection of the proportions of the parts to the whole, proper to all great works of art.

A work of art is a complete whole because it emanates from the whole man, that is to say from the artist's many different powers of mind and body acting together in perfect union and concord, each contributing just what is required of it for the work in hand. But the question is, How is this perfect union and concord achieved? According to Maritain it comes about as a natural result of the fecundation of the work which he eventually produces in the innermost depths of the artist's soul, in those inaccessible depths of the essence of the soul where a man is most truly himself and where the unity and identity of the self are rooted. All the powers and faculties a man has (spiritual or material, sensitive or purely biological), despite their essential diversity, enjoy a deep and ineradicable unity for they are all rooted within the hidden essence of the one soul. It is because they are all lodged within the essence of the soul that a man's powers

are truly and inalienably his own. Nevertheless, though all the powers a man possesses emanate or flow from the inward essence of his soul, they are not all rooted *directly* and *immediately* in the soul; this is the privilege of the higher, spiritual faculties alone. The lower and more material powers are rooted in the essence of the soul *mediately*, by means of the higher, spiritual powers in which they are immediately rooted, the reason being that 'the more perfect powers are the principle or *raison d'être* of others, both as being their end and as being their "active principle", or the efficacious source of their existence. Intelligence does not exist for the senses, but the senses . . . exist for intelligence' (p. 107). Thus, for example, the external senses proceed from the soul via the intellect and imagination, the imagination via the intellect because the imagination is rooted immediately in the intellect, and the external senses immediately in the internal senses. Hence every cognitive and appetitive power is rooted in one common source, the inward essence of the human soul: *there* is the one 'point' in which they are all brought together in unity. We are, however, incapable of knowing the inward depths of the Self. Hence Maritain calls this deep, inward, unifying essence of the soul 'the spiritual pre-conscious or unconscious', but he warns us to beware of confusing it in any way with what he calls Freud's automatic or deaf unconscious of blood and flesh, instincts, complexes and repressed desires. Maritain maintains in fact that there is a twofold unconscious in man, the spiritual unconscious and Freud's automatic unconscious (pp. 90-2). It is in the spiritual unconscious that there is 'a common root of all the powers of the soul' (p. 110). This common root is of its nature inaccessible to men; it cannot be known by mere reason which thinks conceptually, nor beheld by an intuitive contemplation of the Self for it is never present to us in any manner to behold. This, however, need not cause any dismay because the artist does not attempt to portray his own soul! The point that is vital for Maritain is 'that there is in this spiritual unconscious a root activity in which the intellect and the imagination, as well as the powers of desire, love and emotion, are engaged in common' (p. 110).

The intellect is rooted directly and immediately in the essence of the soul, and the activity of the intellect is essential in all genuine artistic work (pp. 48-9 and *passim*). The intellect, however, works in various ways. When it is engaged in knowing things in the universe other than its own self, when, if you prefer, it is

engaged in scientific pursuits, the activities of the mind are absorbed 'by the preparation and engendering of its instruments of rational knowledge', i.e. in fashioning ideas and concepts, making judgements and reasoning according to the laws of conceptual thought. But the intellect, being rooted in the spiritual unconscious of the soul, has another activity than this conscious one of conceptual reasoning, an activity which is none the less real for being practically ignored by philosophers and men of science. In the spiritual unconscious 'there is still for the intellect another kind of life, which makes use of other resources and another reserve of vitality'; this life of the pre-conscious intellect is what Maritain calls 'a free activity' because in it the intellect acts without being fettered to rational concepts and discursive reasoning with all its rigorous discipline of logical laws. (Science and Art are not 'free activities' for they are subordinate to certain clearly defined ends, cf. pp. 169-73.) *Poetry, the divination-activity of the soul from which a work of art is born, is an intellectual and supra-rational life born in the spiritual unconscious: a work of art comes from the intellectual and supra-rational life of the soul, from that too-deep-to-be-conscious-essence 'where the powers of the soul are active in common', and thus poetry, as of course all artistic work, 'implies an essential requirement of totality or integrity'. He continues: 'poetry is the fruit neither of the intellect alone, nor of imagination alone. Nay more, it proceeds from the totality of man, sense, imagination, intellect, love, desire, instinct, blood and spirit together' (p. 111). Hence Maritain thinks of creative or poetic intuition, 'to which the entire work to be engendered in beauty, in its perfect singularity as a kind of unique cosmos, is appendant' (p. 60), as a first coming to life of some future work of art in the spiritual unconscious, where every power which emanates from the soul is united with every other.*

In poetic or creative intuition there is 'in the spiritual unconscious of the intellect, at the single root of the soul's powers' something in a state of definite intellectual actuation which does not tend to knowledge by means of concepts. There is an intelligible 'something' seeking expression in a non-conceptual manner. How, then, does an artist become aware of what is taking shape in his spiritual unconscious? No man can ever come to know what is going on in his spiritual unconscious by delving or probing into his inner self (cf. p. 113). The substance of a man's soul is hidden from him in obscurity. 'Subjectivity as subjectivity is inconceptual-

izable; is an unknown abyss. How, then, can it be revealed to the poet?" (p. 114).

No one can know himself from within and in the essence of his own soul. A man comes to know himself in the measure that he first of all seeks to know things other than himself, in the measure that he fills himself with other things: 'thus the poet knows himself only on the condition that things resound in him, and that in him, at a single waking, they and he come forth together out of sleep' (p. 114). Thus, as Maritain pointed out in his first chapter, the artist must of necessity be engaged in a contemplation of natural objects; he must live within the world of real things. But in contemplating real things other than himself, in taking them into himself, in absorbing and imbibing them within the inner life of his soul, the artist is not seeking to know them conceptually in the manner that a scientist or a philosopher aims at mentally assimilating them. The artist does not aim at communicating mere ideas, nor at framing a technical language in which principles and definitions can be enunciated for all to accept irrespective of their personal interest in them. The artist is not seeking a clear and readily transmissible form of knowledge enshrined exclusively in universal and therefore purely objective, impersonal concepts; he is seeking a form of knowledge which the philosopher can only call 'obscure' for, since it comes about as a result of an affective union, it is essentially and pronouncedly personal and subjective, no matter how much the primacy of real, natural objects may be respected by it (cf. pp. 73-5). Poetic knowledge which all art communicates is necessarily unique for 'all that he (the artist) discerns and divines in things, he discerns and divines not as something *other* than himself, according to the law of speculative knowledge, but, on the contrary, as inseparable from himself and from his emotion, and in truth as identified with himself' (p. 115). The artist sees things as identified with himself, as co-naturally a part of his being-in-the-world. He finds the inner unsuspected depths of his Self, his subjectivity, as the things he contemplates in the world unite with his soul and resound within it, making him more and more aware of his soul and at the same time enabling him to see things, not in the light in which he first saw them and in which all other men see them as so many familiar objects of the world we are all accustomed to, but in a light coming from his own pre-conscious soul (cf. pp. 115, 231). The natural object becomes transformed as it acts on the artist's soul, and as his soul acts on it.

This union between the two is, of its nature, essentially fruitful; from their reciprocal action and mutual union 'something' is born within the pre-conscious intellect which germinates within the depths of the artist's soul. The artist will find himself impelled to nurse this germinating intuition, and he will feel himself impelled, as it comes to life within each and every power of his soul and body, to provide it with a real outward expression of his own creation. Poetic knowledge is a knowledge that is essentially creative, tending to produce something hitherto unknown to the world. In this form of knowledge 'it is the object created, the poem, the painting, the symphony, in its own existence as a world of its own, which plays the part played in ordinary knowledge by the concepts and judgements produced within the mind' (p. 118). Artistic knowledge is not conceptual knowledge formed by *abstraction from* things because it is a knowledge *creative of* something entirely new, from which it is impossible to abstract anything before it exists. Such, then, is the way in which Maritain conceives the process of unifying all the artist's powers of soul and body, so that they act together in harmony and concord in the production of a work of art.

Poetic knowledge is a form of knowledge by co-naturality, and one which, being purely natural, is brought about by purely natural means. Such knowledge plays an immense rôle in human life (cf. p. 118). Speculative knowledge is knowledge by means of concepts; poetic knowledge is knowledge by means of emotion. The artist thinks in and through his various feelings, with the indispensable instrumentality of his emotions. We are here at the heart of the theory, at a most difficult issue on which Maritain realizes that it is necessary to make his meaning clear. He sees, of course, the immediate objection against emotion being regarded as a medium of intellectual knowledge, and he assures us 'that it is in no way a merely emotional or a sentimental theory of poetry that I am suggesting' (p. 119). He reaffirms first of all his certainty that in saying that the artist knows he really means that he knows intellectually. Maritain, of course, is trying to expose the pure rationalism concealed in the objection; he is trying to show that 'the intellect knows in this (poetic) kind of knowledge as in any other'. He then explains that the emotion of which he is speaking is in no way to be identified with 'brute or merely subjective emotion'. He writes: 'it is not an emotion expressed or *depicted* by the poet, an emotion as *thing* which serves as a kind of matter or

material in the making of the work, nor is it a thrill in the poet which the poem will "send down the spine" of the reader' (p. 119). Having removed this possible misunderstanding, he continues: 'it is emotion as *form*, which, being one with the creative intuition, gives form to the poem, and which is *intentional*, as an idea is, or carries within itself infinitely more than itself' (p. 120). In other words, in saying that poetic emotion is an indispensable instrument of the intellect in this peculiar kind of human activity we are saying that the appetitive powers of the artist are raised to the level of the intellect, and to all intents and purposes take the place of mental concepts in that they, or rather their acts of appetite, become the determining means, the instrumental vehicles, through which the intellect attains, and becomes one with, some object in the outside world. A concept is a medium in and by means of which the mind knows an object in the world of nature; it is a means ordered to giving us an understanding of the essences of things which exist. In poetic knowledge emotion is the medium in and by which an object in the world of nature is, as it were, carried into the soul of the artist so that the artist suffers by being brought into a real union and contact with it. Poetic knowledge is a knowledge of the practical intellect, and 'in the case of the practical intellect, the appetite plays an essential part in the very work of knowledge' (p. 47). The poetic emotion, emanating from the spiritual pre-conscious, spreads more or less gradually (as the case may be) over every region of the soul and inundates it; it imbues the soul, makes its way into the mind and all the different powers of sense, stimulating their vital activities. It thus becomes an instrument of the intelligence in an activity which associates the artist's intelligence with real things in a specially intimate way. Emotion is understood by Maritain as having an intentional function in poetic knowledge both because it conveys things other than the self to the poet's mind, although it does so in a non-conceptual manner, and because it conveys the poet's mind directly towards things, not, it is true, as embodying essences, but as intimately associated in some way or another with the life and destiny of the artist himself. Hence the emotion of which Maritain speaks in connexion with poetic knowledge is a spiritualized movement of the appetitive powers having a cognitive value; it is not merely a relished sensation! Thus he writes: 'the content of poetic intuition is both the reality of the things of the world and the subjectivity of the poet, both obscurely conveyed through an intentional or

spiritualized emotion. The soul is known in the experience of the world and the world is known in the experience of the soul, through a knowledge which does not know itself. For such knowledge knows, not in order to know, but in order to produce. It is towards creation that it tends' (p. 124).

We must content ourselves with one final point in this very sketchy survey of *Creative Intuition*. Poetic knowledge, though intellectual, is not rational knowledge for it is a knowledge of concrete existents as concrete existents, and of the self as associated with these concrete existents in actual reality, i.e. affectively. Hence the poet or the artist is not busied about knowing the essences of things as the philosopher is, nor with attaining some universal, purely objective, non-personal knowledge of things as the scientist is: he is concerned with concrete existent things resounding in the subjectivity of the poet's soul, and therefore with the concrete existent objects of nature as they are found in association with all that they bring with them into the soul of the artist. Any one existent thing has numerous existential relations with other things, for it exists in a universe and depends in its existence on God Himself. Hence any one existent thing becomes a *sign* for the poet of numerous other existent things, for the artist sees other realities echoed in this one existent he is perceiving at the moment:

To see the World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower.

Thus the knowledge of the poet is not centred on existent things as so many isolated individual things, but on existent things as he sees them 'poetically' with their real relationships to other things. Hence the mind of the artist is ultimately set on the object he is engaged in producing. The thing he really knows is the work he is going to make, and 'the work will make present to our eyes, together with itself, something else, and still something else indefinitely, in the infinite mirrors of analogy. Through a kind of poetic ampliation, Beatrice, while remaining the woman whom Dante loved, is also, through the power of the sign, the light which illuminates him' (p. 128).

Thus it is that poetry captures the secret senses of things, and the all-embracing sense, still more secret, of subjectivity obscurely revealed: in order to throw both into a matter to be formed. And both, the senses perceived in things and the deeper and more vital,
Vol. 229. No. 468.

unifying sense of the avowal of the creative subjectivity, compass together one single complete and complex sense, through which the work exists, and which is what we called in a previous chapter the poetic sense of the work (p. 129).

Having professed my admiration for *Creative Intuition* by writing an article on it, I trust that no one will take it amiss if I conclude with some criticisms. Maritain's views on artistic inspiration will, no doubt, be discussed at length during the next few years, and so I avail myself of this opportunity to raise two difficulties (which I trust are not purely personal) in the hopes of stimulating others to discuss them.

First of all I would agree with Maritain when he says that knowledge by co-naturality is a real kind of knowledge and that it is far more common than philosophers often suppose. I would also agree with many things that he has said in his analysis of it, but I fear that I remain bewildered by his distinction between emotion as thing or object on the one hand, and as form or intentional species on the other. Knowledge by co-naturality is, it seems, something different from mere knowledge by trial and error (or conjecture), and from knowledge by direct and immediate intuition. It would seem to require some sort of intentional species: but how can emotion in any sense of the word inform the mind, and furthermore inform it without lowering it to the level of a mere material thing?

Secondly, Maritain's theory of the spiritual unconscious, though by no means false in itself, is none the less far too lean and scanty to be satisfactory. It is, after all, the key to his whole theory. If anyone rejects his idea of the unconscious, he must inevitably reject the greater part of the book. And yet Maritain treats it in a very cavalier manner, and uses it almost like a *deus ex machina*. He suggests that there are, as it were, two compartments in man, one conscious and the other unconscious. The two are distinct from each other, but under certain conditions there is communication between them. Now let us grant for the sake of argument that there are two such compartments in man, then surely we must grant that there are many others, and that these two are placed at two extremes. In between and connecting them there is a whole series of compartments without clearly defined boundaries in which we must say that we are more or less conscious and more or less unconscious. Normally speaking to pass from one extreme (unconsciousness) to the other (consciousness) it is necessary to

pass through the intermediate compartments. In other words, 'conscious' and 'unconscious' are not merely absolute, but also relative terms. There are degrees of consciousness and awareness of self, just as there are degrees of depth or interiority in the self. The self who prays to God and examines his conscience in God's sight is more intimate than the one who talks to his close friends, and the self who converses with his friends is more intimate than the one which lives a social life with all manner of strangers. It is possible to find an enormous number of degrees in the consciousness of self, and what comes to consciousness (be unconscious, or in the unconscious?) in one kind of self may quite likely be lost to consciousness (be unconscious, or in the unconscious?) in another. Now it would be possible for Maritain to take stock of these observations. After all he has insisted that the different powers a man possesses are not all rooted directly and immediately in his soul, for the lower powers are rooted in the soul mediately via the higher ones. Maritain might be able to say, then, that there is a series of degrees in the intimacy with which a man's different powers are his. Perhaps this might help him to extend his theory of the spiritual unconscious in a more satisfactory manner. Furthermore, he has said (without explaining how or why) that his spiritual pre-conscious can be associated with Freud's unconscious. It is difficult to decide whether to agree or disagree with this admission for his whole doctrine of the unconscious is so hazy. None the less it seems that in admitting degrees of intimacy to the self between a man's powers, and therefore between his different acts, he is at fault in treating the unconscious as a sort of zone on its own and nothing more. Can we not say that there may be more to be said for Maritain's theory of artistic inspiration if he can rewrite his doctrine of the spiritual pre-conscious?

LETTERS OF PHILLIPPS DE LISLE TO MONTALEMBERT

(concluded)

By LOUIS ALLEN

(Montalembert notes :
tr. intéressant et tr. juste :—
sur le pouvoir tempore du Pape
sur l'ultramontanisme extreme)

(Also: Excell
article du
Rambler¹
Décemb. 56)

Grace Dieu Manor
July 8. 1856.

My very dear Friend and Brother, let me congratulate you on your excellent article which I have just read with intense interest on Lord Palmerston and Pius IX.² It is a very useful corollary to all you have been writing lately about England and English Institutions, and it will shew to those Catholics, who so stupidly misunderstood and misrepresented you, the difference between things and men, between a just admiration of a noble Patrimony and an indignant reprobation of the unworthy inheritor, who disgraces and misuses it. You will perhaps say, and what a faithless Friend and Brother is this, that has never uttered a word in print to vindicate the writings of his Friend. I will not deny the justice of such a reproach: only my dear Friend, there is such a thing as inability to do what one would wish to do. Many a time I felt tempted to write and repel the stupid remarks that others put forth agst your remarkable Essay in that dull publication the Catholic Standard,³ but then I felt that it would do no manner of service either to you or to the views you had so ably put forwards. The day, when anything, such as I should have said, either on this or on any question, would tell upon the Catholic readers of England is gone by, at all events

¹ The reference is probably to an article on the attitude to be taken by English Catholics on the Italian question, entitled *Catholicity and Despotism* (*Rambler*, December 1856, pp. 418-34). Montalembert supposed Phillipps de Lisle to be the author of this article (Purcell, II, p. 255) but this is very unlikely.

² *Pie IX et Lord Palmerston*, published in the *Correspondant* 25 June 1856 and later issued as a pamphlet. In it Montalembert attacked Palmerston's hostility to the government of the Papal States.

³ Montalembert had complained to Phillipps that no one had replied to an anonymous attack on *De l'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre* which had appeared in the *Catholic Standard* (Purcell, II, p. 253).

for the present. Our opinions are as little in *fashion* here, as they are in France. Catholics here, as there, are absolutely intoxicated with the transient *appearance* of a momentary triumph, and in the folly of their infatuation they dream of nothing but the restoration of an ascendancy, that now would be odious, because it has none of the conditions that rendered it tolerable or laudable in past times: while there are many clever persons, who, from the fact that they are mere neophytes, mistake accidents for substance and in their indiscriminate zeal would defend the worst abuses of Catholicity, as if they were an integral portion of that Divine Faith, which is far from shining clearly out in their misty vision. The fact is I think with you that Religious journals in *general* are the worst enemies of Religion, and are little better than the printed organs of the *Scribes and Pharisees* of the New Law! I take in none of them, and so I could hardly be the person to write in any one of them to vindicate you. Besides there are plenty of others, more able to do so, than myself. But now my dear Friend, while I read with admiration your late article on that Prince of Charlatans Lord Palmerston, I must tell you I smiled when I came to that passage that endorsed the stupidity and Paradox of poor Mr. Bowyer.¹ How could you write that? Why of all the men in the House of Commons, except that Lunatic Drummond,² there is nobody so little thought of as Bowyer! a man, who is the mouthpiece of one of the most unpractical and extravagant Parties, that ever disgraced even the illogical heads of Irishmen: a man, who is their mere nominee, and who carries no weight whatever, even when he says what is right. Whatever you do, pray do not couple yourself with such a man as Bowyer. I only wish you had heard a grand argument I had with him this Spring, when we were staying at Lord Edward Howard's³ for my Daughter's presentation at Court. The fact is Bowyer injures the cause of the Papal Government and of his Royal Client the King of Naples far more than Lord Palmerston himself.

The truth is, nothing can be more disgraceful, more dastardly, or more revolutionary than the conduct of our Government in reference to these lesser Powers, such as the Papal States, or the Kingdoms of Greece and Naples. But it is equally true that all three of them are wretchedly misgoverned, and that they are rapidly hastening to destruction. In my opinion the great fault of the Paris Congress was not that

¹ George Bowyer (1811-83), writer on legal subjects, M.P. for Dundalk and later for Wexford City, a convert to Catholicism in 1850, knighted in 1860, author of various pamphlets on Italian questions (*Lombardy, the Pope and Austria*, 1848; *Rome and Sardinia*, 1856) which had appeared as articles in the DUBLIN REVIEW. Montalembert had referred to his 'honnête et courageuse apologie du gouvernement pontifical' (*Oeuvres Polémiques*, T. II, 474). He belonged to the Liberal party.

² Henry Drummond (1786-1860), M.P. for West Surrey from 1847 until his death, one of the founders of the Irvingite sect, and a noted eccentric of the Victorian House of Commons, particularly vocal on ecclesiastical questions. He was the author of a pamphlet entitled *A Plea for the rights and liberties of women imprisoned for life under the power of priests. In answer to Bishop Ullathorne* (London, 1851).

³ Lord Edward Howard (1818-83), second son of the 13th Duke of Norfolk, M.P. for Horsham and later for Arundel, deputy earl-marshal, married as his second wife Winifred Mary, Phillips de Lisle's third daughter, in 1863.

they misrepresented or misstated the case, but that they *published* anything upon such a delicate subject.¹ I am not one of those who trouble myself much about the temporal Government of the Papacy, or who even hold, as you seem to do, that there is any necessity for the Pope to be a Sovereign at all. On the contrary it appears to me a proposition of a dangerous tendency to affirm any such necessity. Suppose for a moment that your clever Emperor, by making a catspaw of England first to humble Russia and Austria with her and thro' her should by a dexterous employment of Lord Palmerston's *incendiary talents and services* succeed first in embroiling Italy in Revolution, and thus rendering the Pope's temporal Government an impossibility: suppose I say your clever Emperor thus Master of the Italian Peninsula, why the Pope would be his subject. Well what then? Should I, should you, would anyone, who believed in Catholicity, feel an atom less of spiritual reverence to the Successor of St Peter on that Unity, or to obey his just decrees? Surely not. The Supremacy of the Pope I was always taught to regard as something purely *Spiritual*, and as having reference only to *Spiritual things*, and to the *dogmatic teaching* of the Church. Now if this be so, and no Catholic will deny it, I see very little difference between a Pope, who is the subject of an Emperor, as the Primitive Popes were, and a Pope, who is virtually created by a combination (direct or indirect) of the three great Catholic Powers of Europe, such as our modern Popes have undoubtedly been for several generations. On the first transition no doubt, from a state of nominal Sovereignty to one of real as well as nominal Subjection, I can imagine for a moment, that some potentates, for their own ends, might make such a state of things a plea for persecuting their Catholic subjects, or forbidding intercourse between their own Bishops and the Chief Bishop, but Potentates of that stamp never want a plea for their iniquities, and men like Joseph II or Henry VIII found a plea in the opposite state of things. No, my dear Friend, I care very little about the Pope's Temporalities. They were once no doubt a valuable bulwark of the Church and of Xtendom; when the Empire of mind is not, when force ruled everywhere, and when the whole Eastern Church lay prostrate beneath the tyranny of Mahomet, when the sword was thus proclaimed the arbiter of Faith, and when Nations like individuals only recognized the decision of God in *Wager of Battle*. But we are coming to a new Epoch, or rather we are already come to it. Islamism is fading away, and her detestable Empire in spite of the unholy combination of *Infidel* France with *heretical* England, far from restoration, is crumbling away faster, than the snow melts before the Sun of July. All the elements of old established forms are convulsed, the Faith of men in dynasties and secular Constitutions is shaken or gone, the folly of

¹ Walewski, French Foreign Minister, presided over the Crimean War Peace Conference at Paris (30 March 1856), and after the treaty was signed invited the other plenipotentiaries to an 'exchange of ideas' (8 April 1856) on the European situation in general. At Cavour's instigation he took the opportunity to criticize the government of the Papal States and the Kingdom of Naples. The attack was enlarged upon by the British representative, Lord Clarendon, and by Cavour, in spite of the protests of the Russian and Austrian representatives.

brute force as the arbiter of human destiny is admitted, even when appealed to, and all men are looking forwards with a vague eagerness and a trembling apprehension to the future. No one knows what is coming, but everyone sees that the present is departing, and in such a state I think it very dangerous and very questionable as a point of Catholic policy to identify our most holy Religion and any of its Spiritual institutions with anything of this world, or with anything, that has been moulded by the hand of man. What Charlemagne created, God ordained for the new state of things, that ensued upon the breaking up of the old Roman Empire. The ten Kingdoms arose upon its Ruins, and the History of Modern Europe recounts their history. But they are now dissolving in their turn no one doubts *that*, or if he does doubt it, he is very foolish. And no one, who attentively considers the present tendencies of the human mind, can doubt that that tendency is a tendency to Universal Fusion, to a gathering of mankind into one vast brotherhood of Nations. The Infidel expects this result as the triumph of Human Reason: but the Xtian knows, where to look for a solution of the Enigma, he goes, as the believer in Revelation did before Christ, to the Pages of Revelation, and there he finds all this foretold, and so the blessed Word of God is as a Lamp to his feet and a Light to his eyes. He knows that all the temporal Kingdoms are to be broken, and that when that awful dissolution has taken place, the Kingdom of the Church will be established upon the Ruins of all these other Kingdoms for the appointed time. And this will be the great triumph of Christ here upon Earth, which is still to be and which has never yet been realized. Now the present *Temporal Sovereignty* of the Pope is part and parcel of the present state of things, and I believe must perish with it—For the moment it's fall will make the Infidel Party cry out *victory*: but let them alone, a far more glorious state of the Church will quickly follow, in which she will reign not only over a corner of Italy, but over the Universe itself. This is my belief, and I ground it on the infallible Prophecies of Sacred Scripture. But perhaps it is foreign to the present Question to refer to what perhaps we may never see, and therefore what ought not to govern our actual conduct under existing circumstances. I quite admit this, and so I am one of those, who would uphold the Pope's temporal government as long as I could, at any rate I would not be of the number of those, who denounce and decry it, still less of those, who are trying to undermine and overturn it. Only in doing so, I differ, and for the reasons that I have given above, from those, who follow Bossuet's view, and maintain that the Papal Sovereignty is essential to the independant exercise of the Papal Supremacy. I think that a dangerous proposition, because circumstances may arise (and after what occurred to Pius VII to say nothing of Pius IX who will say that such an expectation is visionary?), which may compel those who maintain it either to contradict their past words or to part with their Faith by a consistent adherence to them.

No for my part I uphold the Pope's temporal authority in Rome not upon any political theory of Catholicism, but simply because it

they misrepresented or misstated the case, but that they *published* anything upon such a delicate subject.¹ I am not one of those who trouble myself much about the temporal Government of the Papacy, or who even hold, as you seem to do, that there is any necessity for the Pope to be a Sovereign at all. On the contrary it appears to me a proposition of a dangerous tendency to affirm any such necessity. Suppose for a moment that your clever Emperor, by making a catspaw of England first to humble Russia and Austria with her and thro' her should by a dexterous employment of Lord Palmerston's *incendiary talents and services* succeed first in embroiling Italy in Revolution, and thus rendering the Pope's temporal Government an impossibility: suppose I say your clever Emperor thus Master of the Italian Peninsula, why the Pope would be his subject. Well what then? Should I, should you, would anyone, who believed in Catholicity, feel an atom less of spiritual reverence to the Successor of St Peter on that Unity, or to obey his just decrees? Surely not. The Supremacy of the Pope I was always taught to regard as something purely *Spiritual*, and as having reference only to *Spiritual things*, and to the *dogmatic teaching* of the Church. Now if this be so, and no Catholic will deny it, I see very little difference between a Pope, who is the subject of an Emperor, as the Primitive Popes were, and a Pope, who is virtually created by a combination (direct or indirect) of the three great Catholic Powers of Europe, such as our modern Popes have undoubtedly been for several generations. On the first transition no doubt, from a state of nominal Sovereignty to one of real as well as nominal Subjection, I can imagine for a moment, that some potentates, for their own ends, might make such a state of things a plea for persecuting their Catholic subjects, or forbidding intercourse between their own Bishops and the Chief Bishop, but Potentates of that stamp never want a plea for their iniquities, and men like Joseph II or Henry VIII found a plea in the opposite state of things. No, my dear Friend, I care very little about the Pope's Temporalities. They were once no doubt a valuable bulwark of the Church and of Xtendom; when the Empire of mind is not, when force ruled everywhere, and when the whole Eastern Church lay prostrate beneath the tyranny of Mahomet, when the sword was thus proclaimed the arbiter of Faith, and when Nations like individuals only recognized the decision of God in *Wager of Battle*. But we are coming to a new Epoch, or rather we are already come to it. Islamism is fading away, and her detestable Empire in spite of the unholy combination of *Infidel France* with *heretical England*, far from restoration, is crumbling away faster, than the snow melts before the Sun of July. All the elements of old established forms are convulsed, the Faith of men in dynasties and secular Constitutions is shaken or gone, the folly of

¹ Walewski, French Foreign Minister, presided over the Crimean War Peace Conference at Paris (30 March 1856), and after the treaty was signed invited the other plenipotentiaries to an 'exchange of ideas' (8 April 1856) on the European situation in general. At Cavour's instigation he took the opportunity to criticize the government of the Papal States and the Kingdom of Naples. The attack was enlarged upon by the British representative, Lord Clarendon, and by Cavour, in spite of the protests of the Russian and Austrian representatives.

brute force as the arbiter of human destiny is admitted, even when appealed to, and all men are looking forwards with a vague eagerness and a trembling apprehension to the future. No one knows what is coming, but everyone sees that the present is departing, and in such a state I think it very dangerous and very questionable as a point of Catholic policy to identify our most holy Religion and any of its Spiritual institutions with anything of this world, or with anything, that has been moulded by the hand of man. What Charlemagne created, God ordained for the new state of things, that ensued upon the breaking up of the old Roman Empire. The ten Kingdoms arose upon its Ruins, and the History of Modern Europe recounts their history. But they are now dissolving in their turn no one doubts *that*, or if he does doubt it, he is very foolish. And no one, who attentively considers the present tendencies of the human mind, can doubt that that tendency is a tendency to Universal Fusion, to a gathering of mankind into one vast brotherhood of Nations. The Infidel expects this result as the triumph of Human Reason: but the Xtian knows, where to look for a solution of the Enigma, he goes, as the believer in Revelation did before Christ, to the Pages of Revelation, and there he finds all this foretold, and so the blessed Word of God is as a Lamp to his feet and a Light to his eyes. He knows that all the temporal Kingdoms are to be broken, and that when that awful dissolution has taken place, the Kingdom of the Church will be established upon the Ruins of all these other Kingdoms for the appointed time. And this will be the great triumph of Christ here upon Earth, which is still to be and which has never yet been realized. Now the present *Temporal Sovereignty* of the Pope is part and parcel of the present state of things, and I believe must perish with it—For the moment it's fall will make the Infidel Party cry out *victory*: but let them alone, a far more glorious state of the Church will quickly follow, in which she will reign not only over a corner of Italy, but over the Universe itself. This is my belief, and I ground it on the infallible Prophecies of Sacred Scripture. But perhaps it is foreign to the present Question to refer to what perhaps we may never see, and therefore what ought not to govern our actual conduct under existing circumstances. I quite admit this, and so I am one of those, who would uphold the Pope's temporal government as long as I could, at any rate I would not be of the number of those, who denounce and decry it, still less of those, who are trying to undermine and overturn it. Only in doing so, I differ, and for the reasons that I have given above, from those, who follow Bossuet's view, and maintain that the Papal Sovereignty is essential to the independant exercise of the Papal Supremacy. I think that a dangerous proposition, because circumstances may arise (and after what occurred to Pius VII to say nothing of Pius IX who will say that such an expectation is visionary?), which may compel those who maintain it either to contradict their past words or to part with their Faith by a consistent adherence to them.

No for my part I uphold the Pope's temporal authority in Rome not upon any political theory of Catholicism, but simply because it

exists and is part and parcel of the great European Constitution, and of Xtendom. But that is very different from identifying it with Catholicism. I do not say that you do this by any means, but there are some expressions in your article that seem to do so.¹ I do not in the least believe that your Emperor cares for the Pope. From first to last He has been acting the part of a huge wild beast (I mean no disrespect), and the Papacy and the Church are like the poor little mouse in his claws. In the end he means to eat them up, but for the moment he plays with them. You saw this all along: when he restored Pius IX, he caught the mouse and held it in his mouth, when he flattered and cajoled the French Bishops he let it go again, and it ran away *so free*, but he soon taught it how far it was to run, when his Minister Walewski put his paw out at the Congress. When he will swallow the mouthful is another matter, it may be that a *Bear* may eat him up on his road, or he may devour his prey, as he certainly means to do.

Be all this as it may I have very little Faith in your Emperor, but still less in Henri V and none at all in the House of Orleans. Then if I look at home, I think my own Government is the most rascally one in Europe, far more so than that of the king of Naples: and I suspect that under it's unprincipled direction the grand old institutions of England are in danger of perishing. Sooner or later we shall have war with America, and when that comes, the death knell of old England will have rung. Altogether, as an Englishman, I must say the prospect is a very gloomy one.

But now a word on other matters. The Death of our dear little Bernard has deranged all our plans. My wife has no spirit or courage to make a tour on the Continent, and she is urgent on me to take the children to the Sea, which is always good for fortifying constitutions. I therefore have no chance, I fear, of seeing you this summer, but I must look forwards to the thought of seeing you here another year, if you will come, and then we might make a tour together and muse over the ruins and remnants of the Past.

When I was in London I saw poor Lord Dunraven, who was in great grief about his Son, whose conversion seems highly improbable. In my opinion the good Irish Earl did not go the way to bring it about, but so it is, hopes fade away, and results one counted on are reversed. Since Easter Catholic Property to the value of more than 60 Thousand £ a year has passed away from Catholic to Protestant hands, and singular to say all this by the untimely deaths of four wealthy Gentlemen, converts from Protestantism to Catholicism. Then Lord Feilding remains

¹ Phillipps refers presumably to the following passage: '... toucher à la souveraineté temporelle du Pape, d'une main ennemie, ou seulement ignorante et imprudente, c'est toucher essentiellement à la Papauté elle-même, c'est-à-dire à la base de l'Eglise catholique. On l'a démontré à satiété: cette souveraineté est, dans notre temps, avec les mœurs de la société moderne, la condition de la liberté du chef de l'Eglise. De cette liberté dépend l'exercice indépendant du pouvoir spirituel, et, par conséquent, la règle de la foi de l'immense majorité des chrétiens dans le monde ou dans la constitution actuelle de l'Europe. La liberté de la vérité catholique est intimement liée à la liberté et à l'indépendance temporelle du Saint-Siège...' (*Oeuvres Politiques*, Paris, 1860, II, p. 477.)

unmarried,¹ Lord Dunraven's heir refuses Catholicism, Monsells estate is settled on Protestants—and most of the other Converts have but trifling influence or position: while the clever converts from the ranks of the Anglican Clergy are for the most part disgusting the country by their extreme Ultramontane Theories and an undue prominence given to subordinate portions of Catholic practise and devotion. Nevertheless I do not despair, better times are coming, and blunders teach men to be wise.

Believe me my dear Friend
most affectionately your's
Ambrose Lisle Phillipps.

Two great misfortunes had radically changed the course of Montalembert's life since Phillipps had last written to him. He had been operated on for stone, without much success, and lived in great pain for much of the rest of his life; and in the elections of 1857, he had been opposed in the Doubs, for which he was *député*, by M. de Conegliano, an official imperial candidate. The clergy of the Doubs had been alienated from Montalembert by the attacks in *L'Univers*, and as a result of their apathy to his cause, Montalembert suffered a crushing defeat. Not only did this imply his expulsion from political life, what he felt most bitterly was that those who had brought it about were those who owed him most, since he had been their constant champion from the first days of his political career.

In the same year of 1857, Phillipps published a pamphlet on reunion entitled *The Future Unity of Christendom*, which has recently been characterized as '... perhaps, the most conciliatory statement that had come from a Roman Catholic source up to that time.'² It had of course no official sanction, and the concessions it made to the Anglican position drew upon its author's head the hostility of both the *Rambler* and the DUBLIN REVIEW; it was even suggested that the pamphlet be placed on the Index. Newman himself, who was sympathetic, wrote to Phillipps that some of his phraseology might mislead possible converts: '... the tendency of a portion of your pamphlet is, far indeed from your intention, to persuade individual Anglicans to wait out of communion with the Catholic Church, till they can come over with others in a body. . . . I perfectly agree with you in thinking that

¹ Lord and Lady Feilding were converted to Catholicism in 1850. Lady Feilding died in 1853, and Lord Feilding married again in 1857, his son, the ninth earl of Denbigh, being born in 1859.

² Rouse and Neill: *A History of the Ecumenical Movement* (London, 1954, p. 278).

the Movement of 1833 is not over in the country, whatever be the state of Oxford itself; also, I think it is for the *interest* of Catholicism that individuals should not join us, but should remain to leaven the mass,—I mean that they will do more for us by remaining where they are than by coming over, but then they have individual souls, and with what heart can I do anything to induce them to preach to others, if they themselves thereby become castaways?' (Letter dated Dublin, 1 July 1857, in Purcell, I, 368).

In his letter of the 10 July 1857, to which this letter of Phillipps is a reply (Purcell, II, pp. 253–5), Montalembert had quoted a passage from *Considérations sur la France* by Joseph de Maistre: 'Si jamais les Chrétiens se rapprochent, comme tout les y invite, il semble que la *motion* doit partir de l'Eglise d'Angleterre. L'Eglise anglicane, qui nous touche d'une main, touche de l'autre ceux que nous ne pouvons toucher, et quoique, sous un certain point de vue, elle soit en butte aux coups des deux partis, et présente le spectacle un peu ridicule d'un révolté qui prêche l'obéissance, cependant elle est *très* précieuse sous d'autres aspects, et peut être considérée comme un de ces intermédiaires chimiques capables de rapprocher les élémens inassociables de leur nature.' (*Oeuvres Complètes*, Paris, 1924, I, p. 23.)

Grace Dieu Manor

August 21. 1857.

My very dear Friend and Brother

I cannot tell you what a balm it was to my heart to receive your last charming Letter, expressing, as it does, such kind and cheering sympathy for the great object of Peace and Charity, of which in common with many abler and worthier men I am the humble advocate. But while I keenly rejoice that my Pamphlet fares at your hands, as I might have expected from our old friendship, your Letter has been to me a source of deep sorrow: *first* and above all because it makes me uneasy about your health, and grieved to hear that you have suffered so much from this painful disorder: and *secondly* because it mentions, what must have been to yourself even more grievous, the gross and wretched ingratitude of the Clergy towards the noblest, the most constant, and the most valiant upholder of Catholic Rights and Liberties since the days of St. Louis. O my dearest Brother, it makes my heart bleed, and my spirit sink within me, when I reflect upon such base and abominable ingratitude: and yet sure I am, it is only a passing cloud, that will give way ere long to a still brighter burst of sunshine than any that has yet gilded your glorious career—Events will justify you, and put your craven-hearted enemies to shame—a mighty reaction is pre-

paring throughout the world: take as a little sample the Article in the last number of Brownson's *Quarterly Review*,¹ in which he comes forwards to express his sorrow for having been led astray for a moment and to offer you his warmest sympathy—What Brownson say[s], millions feel all over the Catholic Universe, and millions will burst forth to echo his words eer many years, perhaps I might say *months*, shall have passed over. Bear in the meanwhile the trial of this base ingratitude with that patience that lays up a store for the next Life, till God shall open a new career of glorious service to you in this—God permits all this because He loves you, and because He has prepared for you a crown from Himself in the region of Eternal Right and Justice. And now one word about your health: I firmly believe that if you will make up your mind to take brisk regular exercise every day, you will soon be well. When I was a boy, I had a private Tutor the Arch-deacon of Stafford,² who suffered from the same complaint, as yourself, and so badly, that his Life was despaired of: He too underwent an *operation* and with very poor success—but being ordered strong healthy exercise, he obeyed the medical prescription, and walked every day at a brisk pace several miles. The effect was that by degrees he grew better and better, till at last he got over his complaint, enjoyed a career of very sufficient health, and died two years ago at the advanced age of 75 at Como in Italy, being reconciled to the Catholic Communion on his death bed thro' the angelic instrumentality of 2 Sisters of Charity who came to attend him, and before whose gentle ministries the prejudices of ignorance melted away and the heavenly rays of Divine Truth beamed upon him—the Archdeacon was buried in the Catholic Cemetery of Como, and I have the consolation of praying for my old Tutor, whom I always respected for his sincere piety and sterling probity, even in the midst of schism.

I was sincerely sorry to hear of your domestic affliction and that of

¹ The American Catholic journalist, Orestes Brownson, had made some unfavourable comments on Montalembert's *De l'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre* in his periodical *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. These were quoted against Montalembert by papers supporting Napoleon III, notably *Le Constitutionnel* and the *Revue Contemporaine*. Such a use of his words was never intended by Brownson, and when Montalembert published an article on appeals from the ecclesiastical to the civil courts (*Des Appels comme d'Abus et des Articles Organiques*) in the *Correspondant* for April 1857, Brownson, himself a liberal, used the occasion to make amends. Under the title *Religious Liberty in France* (*Brownson's Quarterly Review*, July 1857, pp. 389-431) he reviewed the article and in doing so attacked the religious opportunism of Napoleon III and supported Montalembert's thesis that the liberty of the church depended on the safeguarding of civil liberties as a whole: 'What Catholic could confide in the loyal intentions towards the Church of the Emperor, who projected, as a reward of honour to his brave soldiers fighting in the Crimea, a medal with the device of three hearts united in one, to symbolize the union of Catholicity, Protestantism, and Mahometanism . . . It is only since we published our criticism of M. Montalembert's Essay that we have appreciated the necessity of political freedom to the maintenance, in our age, of true religious freedom. We thought little of the doctrine when M. Montalembert put it forth, but in this we were wrong. The subsequent developments in France prove it, and we are now fully convinced that the only security, although that will not always be a perfect security, for the liberty of the church, is the general liberty of the citizen.'

² The Rev. George Hodson, who kept a school at Maizemore Court, near Gloucester, and later at Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Madame de Montalembert from the death of her truly illustrious Father M. de Mérode.¹ I trust God has in some degree compensated you for this severe loss by an accession of temporal wealth which will be an advantage ultimately for your Children.

For myself, with the exception of dear little Bernard's Death, we have had great prosperity in our family circle: and all my dear Children are growing up in a way to excite my gratitude to God, who has been very good to me, far beyond my deserts—my Children are really very good, and very much beloved, and the girls are growing up very handsome and very popular—Everard my second son is in the midst of the great Indian Revolution, conducting himself in a way that has reflected great credit on himself, and that has been extolled in the despatches of our Commander² to the Duke of Cambridge—But of course we are in a state of painful anxiety about him, he is serving with the 60th Rifles in the siege of Delhi as aide de camp to the Commanding Officer of the Regiment. This Indian Revolution is a terrible affair, far worse than the Press makes it out to be—It is just the sort of thing I have always feared for this Country: you remember I told you our danger was from *without*, *within* we are sound, thanks to our truly Catholic Constitution and the Christian Complexion of our Social System: but we are weak in our extremities, because while blaming foreign Governments we have misgoverned our own Dependencies to a greater degree than any other country ever did. In Ireland, in Canada, in the United States (before their successful revolt) in the Ionian Islands, in India, it is always the same history of bullying injustice and insane folly. Englishmen are excellent to each other, but brutes to all the rest of the world; and sooner or later such a character must bring it's own punishment—I therefore entertain the worst apprehensions for our Empire in India, and I greatly fear it's days are numbered: meanwhile if we triumph, it will amount to nothing less than a reconquest, as all admit, and a very problematical thing that is—You see now how great was *your sagacity* in denouncing Lord Palmerston, for you see to what an abyss he has brought England by his bullying and unjust Policy. I look forwards to the future with great fear at least in the political horizon, but in the religious there is solid ground for cheerful anticipations. As you take the Rambler, you will have seen how the bullies *here* have fallen upon me³ and how they fancy they have *done for me*—But I calmly despise all their bluster, and pity their folly—I shall have my turn eer long, and they will slink away into obscurity. Already a reaction is beginning, and altho' I disdain to notice such vulgar scurrility, I have Friends and able ones, who are doing it for me. In the *Weekly Register*, and in the *Union* (which is the organ of the great Catholic Party in the Anglican Church) articles in my defence are coming

¹ Félix de Mérode (1791–1857), Belgian statesman, father of Montalembert's countess and of Mgr. Xavier de Mérode.

² Sir Colin Campbell (1792–1863) was commander-in-chief in India from 1857 to 1860.

³ A hostile review of Philipps's *On the Future Unity of Christendom* appeared in the *Rambler* in August 1857 (pp. 140–5), describing it as 'this mischievous pamphlet . . . a crime . . . scandalous to the very highest degree. . . .'

out, and I am preparing one with that glorious extract you sent me from de Maistre. *He* will grind them to powder.

Meanwhile I wish I could give you a true idea of the great work that is going on, the Party with which I am cooperating numbers not fewer than 2 Thousand of the *Anglican* Clergy and several Bishops of the Established Church, while it is upheld by a large body of influential men of the highest and noblest Families in the Realm. We have organized an Association, which we have named 'Society for the promotion of the Unity of Xtendom':¹ of which the Leaders have done me the honour to offer me the Office of '*Grand Master*'—but at present I demur to accepting it—our inaugural meeting is to take place on the 8th of September, the Nativity of our B. Lady—when I shall be present—it is to be in London—I am very anxious to induce as many of my Catholic Friends as possible to allow me to enrol their names on the list of the Society—Will you permit me to put your Name at the head of the *Catholic List*.² Weld Blundell of Ince,³ who was here last week, has given me his name—He is Cardinal Weld's nephew and a cousin of my wife and has a large Estate in Lancashire—Another of her cousins Bishop Clifford, Lord Clifford's second son, Bishop of Clifton,⁴ has also promised to join, and Canon MacDonnell,⁵ one of many other Friends of mine—But if you would give me *your glorious Name*, it would be a Tower of Strength to us—Let me have a line to say, whether you will or not. I must now tell you a *secret*. I have obtained the provisional approval of our *Project of Reunion*. From the Holy See. In May I wrote by the desire of the Committee of the Unionists to lay the case before the Holy Father,⁶ to give His Holiness an exact idea of what we proposed, of our *actual strength*, and of our *prospects* of increase of strength; in 3 weeks after the receipt of my Letter the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide wrote me an autograph Letter, appending to his own signature the countersignature of the Archbishop of Thebes, in which he conveyed to me the full and cordial approbation of my Project, promising his earnest Prayers for our *ultimate* complete success—This Letter for motives of prudence, which you will easily divine, we think it safest not to publish, or I could annihilate the Rambler in a moment, but you have a right to know the fact, and

¹ The Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom was founded in September 1857 by Philipps in conjunction with Dr. F. G. Lee and the Anglican Bishop Forbes of Brechin. Catholics were forced to sever their connexions with it in 1864.

² Remembering, no doubt, his experiences with the Cambridge Camden Society, Montalembert inserted a large 'NO' in red pencil at this point.

³ Thomas Weld (d. 1887), second son of Joseph Weld of Lulworth, became Weld-Blundell on succeeding to the estates of Ince Blundell on the death (1837) of his kinsman Charles Robert Blundell.

⁴ William Joseph Hugh Clifford (1823-93), Bishop of Clifton, second son of the seventh Baron Clifford.

⁵ Thomas Michael MacDonnell (1792-1869), editor of *The Catholic Magazine* and its successor *The Catholic*, author of several controversial pamphlets. Later Canon of Clifton.

⁶ The letter, dated 18 May 1857, was addressed to Cardinal Barnabo, Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, and is printed in translation in Purcell, I, pp. 375-8.

under a prudent reserve you may mention it to any high Ecclesiastics in France, from whom you think we might eventually derive help in the work of Reunion. The Party I am working with have just published a Catechism, which will astonish you it is *quite Catholic*, and is approved *privately* by several of the Anglican Bishops—To give you some idea of the strength of the High Church Party, who are all *more or less* in favour of Union with Rome, the protest against the new Divorce bill¹ has been signed by nine Thousand beneficed Clergymen!! and by Sixteen Thousand Anglican *Ladies* of High Church principles: and I see the *Morning Star* of today counts all these on the side of what it terms 'the Papal Party in the Anglican Church'—Now I must tell you another SECRET. In the same month of May Lord John Manners wrote to tell me that he cordially approved of my Project, and that he had laid it before Lord Derby earnestly recommending it to his consideration—Now on the other hand do not misunderstand me; I do not look to any immediate or speedy issue: it must be a work of *many years*, and of *immense difficulty*: but you may depend upon this, and sooner or later with God's blessing it will succeed, and the anticipations of Bossuet, Leibnitz and de Maistre will be shown to have been no vain imaginations, no idle dreams.

You can have no idea what wonderful changes are going on in the ranks of the Anglican Church, and how old protestant Prejudices are rapidly wearing away and giving place to positive Catholic ideas. If ever again you visit England, you ought to look especially into the numberless facts that attest this great change—it would astonish and gladden your heart—and I feel confident that it constitutes *the great Religious fact* of the Day.

But now let me turn to other matters. About the middle of September we have some idea of coming to Boulogne, in order to give our daughters at once the benefit of sea air, which is always good for young people, and of the Parisian Masters who go down to that Sea Port in the Autumn to make a harvest of English Visitors—If I *do* get to Boulogne, I may perhaps get a step further and reach Paris, and if so, when are you likely to be *there*, or what are your movements likely to be? Could you let me know, whether there might be any chance of our meeting, in case I were to get to France? I want very much to get into France and to have the edification of seeing your glorious Churches once more—

My Wife and Children join me in warmest assurances of deep regard towards yourself, and I am ever, my very dear Friend & Brother, your truly devoted,

Ambrose Lisle Phillipps.

Sir Bernard Burke has just been publishing some numbers of a new History of the British Landed Gentry, containing a *grand old pedigree* of

¹ The Divorce Bill, introduced in the House of Lords and supported by the then Archbishop of Canterbury, was opposed by Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, and in the Commons by Gladstone. It was passed after eighteen sittings (1857).

my Family, which I think will astonish you. As soon as the work is complete I mean to send you a copy of it, as a memorial of our old friendship.

(Montalembert notes:
mort de son fils
tué à Delhi)

Grace Dieu Manor
Nov. 30. 1857.
✠ en la Fete de S. André Apotre

My dearest Friend and Brother

Little did I think that my next Letter would have to tell you, what a dreadful affliction it has pleased God to lay upon my poor Wife and myself and this whole Family. Our most loved, pious and brave, Son Everard has been taken from us—killed in the dreadful storming of Delhi!!! The dear Boy had passed with the greatest honour and safety through no less than 26 different engagements with only 3 slight wounds, and one horse killed under him—he had survived also 4 Days of the storming of Delhi, but on the 17th September heading a body of 60th Rifles (his Regiment) in an attack on the Grand Mosque not far from the King's Palace, while bravely rallying his men who had sustained a momentary check from the desperate resistance of the Enemy and their tremendous cross Fire, and in the very act of raising a small breastwork to protect his men, it pleased God to permit a musket ball to pierce his temples and in less than 10 minutes my brave, my noble, my pious, my loving Son was no more. If anything could soothe the intensity of that grief, that overwhelms his poor Mother and myself, which has filled this once merry house with tears and lamentations, it would be the thought of that *holy chaste* life he ever led, and which all his friends both Catholic and Anglican witness that he persevered in maintaining amid the snares and temptations of a Camp and of that luxurious land of India. In order to reach a Priest and go to the Sacraments he twice rode more than 60 miles and back to his Station—he recited daily the 5 Psalms in honour of the Name of Mary, and he constantly prayed to God. I hope he never lost his baptismal Innocence, and he ever strove to live united with His God by grace. I trust therefore that in taking him, the Lord has snatched him from earthly snares to everlasting rest and happiness with that great number, that no man can number, of blessed and redeemed souls, whose sins have been washed away in the precious Blood of the Divine Lamb—I have sent you some of our County Papers, which will tell you some particulars, and show how his death is mourned in the Army and by many Friends—It seems wonderful that God should not have preserved a young exemplary soldier, who was a credit to the Catholic Religion and a model of a Xtian Soldier, but His ways are not as our's, and they are inscrutable. To us a trial has been sent that may well wean us from the excessive love of this world, for all our joy is turned into mourning and a dark cloud overshadows our course from this sad point even to our very grave. Our only consolation is to look forwards to seeing this darling child in a better and happier country 'where God wipes away all tears from the eyes of His servants and where there is no more sorrow, for the former things are passed away'—

You, my dear Friend, have had a noble and glorious career, which will one day shine in the Pages of History, and yet God has permitted you to be tried by base ingratitude and other trials—and now you see I am your Brother too in affliction. Well God does thus to us in order to prepare us for something better, to make us look up above, and to remember this Life with it's best joys is transitory, not our abiding dwelling, but a Pilgrimage and a preparation for a better Place and a brighter Country—Captain Owen, one of poor Everard's brother Officers, has preserved for us the dear Boy's two Prayer Books, his rosary, his crucifix, and his relique of St Aloysius, all of which were found in his Tent the day he died!! Oh! how my heart and that of his poor Mother and Sisters is broken! and his Elder Brother too who loved him so dearly, and who was always looking forwards to the day of his return—but there is now no return we must go to him—Pray for me my dearest Friend, and tell me how you are—I trust you are better and really mending—

ever your devoted Brother
Ambrose Lisle Phillipps.

In his next letter Phillipps comments on two of Montalembert's works he had recently read, the *Moines d'Occident* and the *Lettre à M. le Comte de Cavour*. The question of the temporal power of the Pope being then to the fore, it is to the pamphlet rather than the history that Phillipps directs most of his answer. In a speech to the Turin Parliament on 12 October 1860 Cavour had referred obliquely to Montalembert's book *Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIXe Siècle* as support for his own interpretation of the relations between liberty, religion, and Italian unity, in the sense of the abolition of the temporal power. Montalembert repudiated Cavour's interpretation and proclaimed his own belief in the necessity of maintaining the temporal power in his first *Lettre* (22 October 1860). Cavour returned to the charge again, and in other speeches (27 March and 9 April 1861) adopted Montalembert's phrase *l'Eglise libre dans l'Etat libre* as his own, an adoption indignantly rejected by Montalembert in his *Deuxième Lettre à M. le Comte de Cavour* (20 April 1861, published in *Oeuvres Polémiques*, III, pp. 3-64).

(Montalembert notes:
Sue les Moines d'Occident
Ma lettre à Cavour
et le sentiment anglais
à l'égard de Garibaldi)

Grace Dieu Manor
Nov. 3. 1860.

My dear Friend and Brother

I should have written sooner to thank you for your kind present, your noble work on the *Monastic Orders of the West*—but that when it first reached me it found me bending over the dying Bed of my 4th

Daughter Mary, a beautiful and charming Girl of 17, whom you may perhaps have seen when you were last at Grace Dieu—The dear Child had long been ill in a consumption, that resulted from the effects of Hooping Cough, which attacked her a year and a half ago, and which left pulmonary effects from which she never recovered. Her Death, which was most Xtian and beautiful, took place on Rosary Sunday, the beginning of October. I will send you a copy of the Funeral Sermon, which was preached at her burial in the Crypt of our domestic Chapel.

And now my dear Friend let me turn from the subject of my own sad sorrows, to congratulate you on your truly magnificent and masterly Treatise—you well know that there is no spirit in Xtendom that more keenly sympathizes with your own than mine does—From the hour I first communed with it in the bright and heavenly pages of your St Elizabeth of Hungary up to your able Treatise on the Political Future of my own country, I always thought that you surpassed all others, but now in this grand work you have surpassed yourself—Eloquence, Truth, admirable sincerity and impartiality, the keenest apprehension of historic intricasy, genuine piety and Faith—there is every thing that should characterize a work that records and treats one of the most important departments of Ecclesiastical History—May you be preserved to compleat this magnificent work and so to confer upon the Church this crowning boon from one of the most masterly Spirits of these eventful Times,—this is my prayer, and I earnestly hope it may be heard—But while I thank you for this noble present, let me also congratulate you on your chivalrous and overpowering Letter to Cavour—It has been, as you doubtless know, immensely read and enormously criticized in England. The Press I need not say has not done it justice, it was too condemnatory of the Policy advocated by it to find much sympathy there, but nevertheless it has told and largely amongst the *Readers* of our public Press—At the same time it is not very easy to give you an exact idea of the sort of feeling it has called forth—In this Country what with our hereditary horror of Popery, our association of it with Despotism and bloody Persecution, and our traditional Love of Liberty and Constitutional Rule, you must make great allowances for the sympathy felt by the Mass of Englishmen for any cause, that responds to those hereditary feelings of my countrymen—They look upon Garibaldi as embodying and leading a great Italian Movement to put down despotism and Religious Intolerance in it's very focus and headquarters—They look upon that intimate Union between the Spiritual and the Temporal, which reigned and lived in the *Absolute Monarchy* of the Papacy, as the very ideal of all that is most contrary to everything they love, and the perfect incarnation of all that they most abhor, so that they can only look at the successes of the Italian Revolution, and are perfectly blind to all it's crimes and excesses—When however they soberly view the proceedings of such men as Garibaldi and Cavour, they admit that it is difficult to defend them. Your Letter will increase this feeling.—

For my own part I deeply sympathize with Pius the Ninth, but I
Vol. 229. No. 468.

am inclined to dread less than you do the abolition of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes—I will not allow that I am a less zealous Catholic than you are, but I must acknowledge that I am not quite so Ultramontane as yourself. If I may say so I dwell more on the thought of the *Catholicity* of the Church, than on those ideas that are more specially centered and exhibited in Rome—not but that I deeply venerate them also in their due place and measure—

My notion of Catholicity is altogether your own in one respect at least, I associate it with the idea of free, spontaneous, ardent Faith, with the notion of a zeal that would leave no legitimate effort of argument and loyal action untried in order to secure the Universal acceptance of Catholic Truth all over the world, but at the same time I abhor any thing like force applied to the consciences and the Free Will of Men, I cannot understand the Xtian propriety of imprisoning men for not complying with the Ecclesiastical Precept of Easter Communion, still less can I approve the secret Tribunal of the Inquisition, and it's arbitrary seizure of men women and children on mere suspicion, condemning them to years of imprisonment, torturing them and putting them to death. It is sometimes said by the ardent advocates of Ultramontaniam that the Roman Inquisition never burnt a heretick—This is utterly false, it burnt many, and the fact is affirmed by writers of the highest eminence, such e.g. as S. Alphonso Liguori, not by way of blame but in praise, and merely as recounting an historical fact—The existence and maintenance of the Inquisition is inseparable from the Politico-Ecclesiastical Government prevailing in Rome, and it is an inevitable consequence of that *Personal Union of the Spiritual and Temporal* exhibited for the last 12 centuries by the Papacy. I can perfectly understand a man admiring such a theory, and defending it, but I cannot understand a man doing so on the principles of *Civil and Religious Liberty*, professed by yourself as well as by me and so many other Catholics of the present day—I am ready to go all lengths with you in condemning the duplicity and the ambition of the Court of Sardinia, and in looking upon Garibaldi (Hero tho' he be) as a sort of Highway Robber on a very grand scale, still I cannot go along with you in your admiration and love of the Temporal Rule of the Papacy or in your regrets for it's downfall. I believe the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes was equally injurious to Xtianity and to sound Government: at the time of it's first institution it tended to enervate the piety and virtue of both Popes and Clergy, wherever it's influence was felt; to convince oneself of this one has only to turn to the Annals of Baronius and to read his description of the Popes and of the Roman Court from the period, when the fatal establishment of the Papal Sovereignty took place: and to my mind the climax of all this was the inauguration of the Pagan Renaissance by Leo X. But here the Papal Sovereignty laid the foundations of it's own future overthrow; in sowing the Renaissance the Papacy sowed a seed, which could only grow not only by severing one day the Temporal from the Spiritual but by absolutely annihilating the sentiment of Xtian Faith in men's minds—there is no fellowship between Christ and Belial, and when a man passionately

loves Pagan Art he must in reality love what it represents, and he cannot do that and remain a *practical* Xtian. He may retain an absurd jumble of Xtian and Pagan ideas, but it will be the latter that will rule his conduct. The Renaissance was the immediate creation of Papal Rome; Papal Rome has been its centre and head quarters ever since, and in the same proportion as it has been this, has it ceased to be the centre of Xtianity and Catholicity—England, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Russia, which have long ceased to look up to it, as the centre of Religious Unity, still regard it as their centre of Art and Literature, as the grand focus of that damnable Revival of Heathen Principle, which for 3 centuries has issued from the Gates of Rome to every quarter of the civilized earth—a Revival, of which your own learned Bishop of Arras¹ has well said 'That it was an event far more mischievous to the Church, than the Heresy of Luther itself'—the downfall of the Temporal Papacy will not heal the Renaissance but it will at least sever the Church from her complicity with it, it will leave the Popes once more free to teach the doctrine of Peter and Paul and to repudiate the meritricious influences of that damnable, that devilish, system which is represented by the Venus de Medici and the other Personifications of Heathen Mythology. No doubt the struggle, which overthrows one of the oldest thrones in Europe identified as it is with the Chief Bishop of Xtendom, will not be concluded without many a disaster, many an act of Persecution, and in all probability the downfall of other Thrones also, if not of Royalty itself, but I believe in the end it will be advantageous to Religion and to Society, and open the way for the establishment of a much more Xtian State of things than has ever yet been witnessed, and for nothing less than the Universal triumph of Catholicity, perfectly independent of all human Force and Compression, from the mere action of human Liberty and Divine Grace, from the spread of human intelligence enlightened by the divine teaching of the Word of God, and the conviction universally established that nothing so conduces to the welfare of Mankind as Catholic Xtianity.

It is absurd to talk of Xtian Nations feeling jealous of Papal Interference, emanating from a *Pope subject to some Temporal Prince or State*. If the Pope had a Political Power over Xtians, this might be true, but if his authority be really confined (as it is) to purely spiritual matters, it must be a matter of supreme indifference to Englishmen and all other men, whether it emanate from an Italian *Subject* or an Italian *Sovereign*.

In fact the real jealousy felt for so many centuries by Englishmen in regard to the Pope, was a jealousy not of his Spiritual but of his Political Interference—Even in spiritual matters the merest tyro in Ecclesiastical History knows full well that a thousand things in modern times have been reserved to the Holy See which in the more primitive times, nay even in the middle ages, were not withdrawn from the Local jurisdiction of Every Bishop. Let the Interference of the Papacy return to its primitive extent and a far greater Unity will prevail, a far healthier action in every portion of the Universal Church—

¹ Mgr. Parisis, formerly Bishop of Langres.

Be all this as it may, the temporal Sovereignty of the Popes has had it's day, like all other *human* Institutions, and I for one believe that it will never be re-established: but this conviction does not excite in my breast any misgivings or fears for the welfare of the Catholic Religion—Catholicity will be less Roman but more Catholic, less human, more Divine.

Again thanking you for your book,

I am ever, your affect Friend & Brother,
Ambrose Lisle Phillipps.

Garendon Park,
Loughborough.
April 11. 1866.

My dear Friend and Brother

Twenty seven years have now passed away since in my house at Grace Dieu you first addressed me in these words, which I now again address to you. I hope nothing has impaired their force on either side; we both remain, what we were then, the Loving Servants of the Catholic Church and of Catholic Truth, and at the same time of that Spirit of Christian Liberty, without which there is neither Dignity nor reality in Faith. We certainly live in a *terribly* remarkable period of Christian History, in which it is hard to say which is the more notable, the audacity of Scepticism or the insane violence of the Leading Party of those, who proclaim themselves the defenders of Catholicity—You may remember that it was at your instigation many years ago that I became one of the Subscribers and Contributors (as a writer) to the *Univers*,¹ and that when that Journal at a subsequent period so ungratefully turned round upon you, I abandoned my subscription in disgust at its conduct to you and at the violence of its religious and political Principles. About the same time I ceased to be a subscriber to the then existing *Tablet* in England and for a nearly similar reason,—because that Journal had ungratefully turned round upon the late John Lord Shrewsbury, simply because he held some opinions at variance with the extreme views it advocated, and dared to express them, (as he believed) in the interest of Catholicity. From that time I must say that in my opinion the violence of the Catholic Press,—though with some honourable exceptions such as the *Correspondant*, to which I continue to subscribe, and some others, has done more to alienate men's minds from Catholicity, from the Papacy, and even from Christianity, than even such writers as Renan or Colenso. I say this by way of preface for writing to enclose to you the prospectus of a sort of novel, which a clever Irish Catholic, whom I have known for many years has forwarded to me in the hope that I would do so. I have not yet seen his Book, but from the knowledge of his talent on the one hand and his Christian moderation combined with intelligent zeal on the other, I

¹ Phillipps contributed a number of letters to *L'Univers* in the 1840's on the Catholic Revival in England and the Tractarian Movement. It was through his offices that *L'Univers* published Dalgairns' *Lettre d'un Jeune Membre de l'Université d'Oxford* in 1841.

think I may at least venture to do so, in the hope that you will take a copy of his Book, and give it a fair perusal. Miles Gerald Keon,¹ to whom the English Government have given an honourable Post in our Colonies, was one of the Irish Catholics, who ten years ago combined with me & Father Lockhart,² and a large body of intelligent and Catholicly disposed Anglicans to form a Society, which we called an 'Association for promoting the Reunion of Christendom'—an Association, which now numbers more than 10,000 members chiefly Anglican, but which I regret to say was shamefully calumniated to the Authorities at Rome, so that the 'Holy Office' fulminated a condemnation against it, and by so doing created a great discouragement in the Catholic tendency of the Anglican mind—I need scarcely say to you that if that Society had really been what its enemies represented it to be, I should never have joined it: but notwithstanding its innocence of the charges imputed to it, and the falsehood and suicidal folly of its accusers, I did not hesitate to obey the voice of authority (however mistaken misinformed) and I at once withdrew my name from the List of its Associates. Not because I thought there was any justice in the condemnation, but because I hold that it is the duty of a soldier to obey the command of his General even when mistaken, and it was not for me, as a poor unworthy soldier of the Cross, to give scandal by disobedience to those, whose authority I will not question, though I am not of the number of those who would confound the Infallibility of the Catholic Church with the modern claim of the Papacy and its officials to that Prerogative.

And now may I ask, is it really true, that on a recent occasion Pope Pius IX said of himself 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life'? Thus as the Journals, that quote these words from the version of them given by the *Monde*,³ arrogating to Himself the Divine Attribution of Jesus Christ? I can hardly believe that the Holy Father can have uttered such words, altho' the extreme Party, represented by the *Monde* on

¹ Miles Gerald Keon (1821-75), novelist and colonial secretary, editor of *Dolman's Magazine* (1846), representative of the *Morning Post* at St. Petersburg (1850 and 1856), editor of *Bengal Hurkaru* in Calcutta (1858), Colonial Secretary in Bermuda (1859-75). He had served in Algeria under Bugeaud. In 1866 he published a two-volume novel, *Dion and the Sibyls, a Romance of the First Century*.

² Fr. William Lockhart (1820-92), friend of Newman, converted to Catholicism in 1843, entered the Order of Charity (Rosminians) and became its procurator-general. He was the author of a *Life of Rosmini* (1886).

³ *Le Monde* was the title adopted by *L'Univers* on its re-appearance after having been condemned by the Imperial Government in 1860 for opposing Napoleon III's policy towards the Papal States and publishing Pius IX's encyclical letter denouncing the Kingdom of Sardinia. Reports of the kind quoted by Phillipps cannot be attributed to Veuillot, however, since on his own admission he never wrote a word for *Le Monde* (letter to Taconet, 19 March 1867). Nevertheless the phrase bears a strong resemblance to what Dom Cuthbert Butler called the 'untheological' devotion to the person of Pius IX for which Veuillot and the *Univers* became notorious, e.g. the substitution of 'PIUS' for 'Deus' in the hymn *Rerum Deus tenax vigor* or the following juxtaposition: A Pie IX qui représente mon Dieu sur la terre: Iste Deus meus et glorificabo eum, Deus patris mei et exaltabo eum! (Cf. Butler: *The Vatican Council*, London, 1930, i, p. 76). The *Tablet* reported this same speech delivered by Pius IX to members of the foreign community in Rome, and made it quite clear that the words had not been applied by the Pope to himself at all (Saturday, 31 March 1866).

your side of the Channel, and by the *Dublin Review*¹ on our's, take an insane satisfaction in attributing them to His Holiness. If from your connexion with Monsignor de Mérode,² you could throw any light on the Statement, so as to be able to contradict it in any way, it would be of great service in this country towards vindicating Catholicity from the scandal these words are creating in the mind of our separated Brethren: who in other respects are well disposed towards our Holy Faith. I see by the Papers that M. Vieullot has just published a Pamphlet accusing all of us Catholics,³ whom he classes as *Liberal*, of Implicit, if not formal, Heresy, and that if he could have his way he would submit our illfated necks to that one of the 'two swords' which he evidently prefers as the sharpest and most telling at any rate on this side of the Grave: What I wonder at most is how any man with the talents of M. Vieullot can be found so foolish now a days as to fancy that any people will ever again trust the civil sword in the hands of such a Fanatical Blunderer as the Writer of the Pamphlet. Heaven defend Catholicity from such advocates! When are you coming to England again?

Believe me ever,
Affectly yrs
Ambrose L.P. de Lisle

Hotel Dervaux
Boulogne sur Mer
September 24, 1867.

My dear Friend and Brother

Here we are for a few days longer, having already spent a fortnight on French soil, and on Saturday next we propose going to Paris for a week, after which we return here on our way home to England. I was sorry to hear from the Père Pilon, one of your French Jesuit Provincials,⁴ that we should not find you in Paris, and that you were not so well: and from someone else I heard that you were in Belgium, so that I abandon all hope of catching a glimpse of you, while I am on the Continent. This is a great disappointment, as I seldom cross the Channel, and when I do, there is nothing that would more console and encourage me, than one or two conversations with you. But so it is, I first learnt to esteem and admire and love you from your Books, when so many years ago I made my first attempt at Authorship in translating that most charming of Books your *Life of S. Elizabeth*: and it has always been to me ever since a source of continual regret that we have seen so little of each other since we did become personally acquainted. Will you however instead of a conversation, which is now out of the Question, let me send you a copy of a volume, in which there is one Article

¹ W. G. Ward had taken over the editorship of the *DUBLIN REVIEW* in 1862.

² Mgr. Xavier de Mérode (1820-74), War Minister to Pius IX, Montalembert's brother-in-law.

³ Louis Vieullot: *L'Illusion libérale* (Paris, 1866).

⁴ Presumably Pilon, superior of the Jesuit college at Vannes.

from my Pen, a collection of '*Essays on Reunion*'¹? Our efficient and eloquent Minister Disraeli is reading it at this very time, and reading it with interest, because like very many others in England, he takes a lively interest in the great object advocated in it—the Reconciliation of Christians as the only means of meeting the Infidel Foe and of universally diffusing the Light of the Gospel over the whole earth.

At this moment nothing is more uncertain or more obscure than the Political and Religious Future of Mankind, and unless Christians can at last learn to agree, their prolonged disagreements cannot fail to be regarded as the strongest refutation of all the Forms of Christianity which mutually condemn and deny each other: and so the religious basis being overthrown human society must eventually fall into a state of Chaos. As for our condition in England, if it were not for the great movement towards religious Unity, I should have a very poor opinion of our political and social Prospects, for we seem rapidly rushing into the vortex of extreme Democracy, which can hardly tolerate much longer our existing social Institutions, which are *substantially* those of the Medieval Period and the offspring of the Feudal System. If however England can recover her antient Catholicity by the Reunion of her antient (though fallen) Church² with the Centre of Xtian Unity, I should not then dread even the influence of the Democracy, for Catholicism would blend together all the elements of our social system. This I have endeavoured to show in the article I have written in the Volume which I now send you—It is more than 15 years since I last visited France, and though a Foreigner can only take a very superficial view of what he sees, I still rejoice to observe a marked improvement in the religious aspect of the Country—I remark a large increase of Churches and Convents, I perceive the Divine Offices celebrated with greater solemnity and a larger affluence of the Faithful, I listen to a great improvement in the Ecclesiastical Chant, and along with all this I see a most marvellous development of wealth, comfort, cleanliness, and general Material Progress.

All this is very cheering, and to my mind a great demonstration in favour of the administrative Powers and governing wisdom of the great Emperor, whom you must allow me, as our only point of difference, to admire and esteem: while I pray God to preserve France from any more Revolutions, and to consolidate for Her the many great Privileges both in Church and State, which she so largely possesses.

What do you think of Italy? I cannot help hoping that the madness of Garibaldi's Impiety will precipitate such a conflict between him and the Moderate Party in Italy at the head of which is the King, that the issue may be the overthrow of the Former and a healthy reform both of Church and state—But as I said before, we have arrived at a most

¹ *Essays on the Re-union of Christendom*, by Members of the Roman Catholic, Oriental and Anglican Communions, ed. F. G. Lee, London, 1867.

² '... the existing Church of England is undoubtedly the same organic body as that wh Pope Gregory founded in the 6th century.' De Lisle to the editor of *The Union* (Purcell, I, 358).

critical Period of European History, and the triumph of Evil is at least quite as *probable*, as that of Order and Religion.

I trust that when you send me a Line from your *Amanuensis*,¹ you will be able to give me a more cheering report of your own health, and to hold out a hope of coming once more to England, and of visiting me with your Daughter & Madame de Montalembert at Garendon—

ever very affectly yours,
Ambrose L.P. de Lisle

Montalembert had written from Paris on 9 October 1867:

'In your interesting letter from Boulogne (September 24th) you allude most affectionately to my *Life of St. Elisabeth*, of which you were kind enough to translate the first volume some thirty years ago, in a magnificent edition. Now let me ask if you should any objection to another translation of the same work being have brought out in a more modest form. This question has been put to me by an English Carmelite who wishes to translate, for the benefit of her Convent, French catholic works into English.' (Purcell, II, pp. 259-60). He later (28 August 1869) wrote in answer to a question in the following letter: 'I have heard nothing more about the English translation of St. Elisabeth which was one of the motives of my last letter to you, but I must not let you suppose that I have the least notion of the Carmelite *translatress* being Lady Minna Howard, your son-in-law's niece' (ibid. p. 261).

(Montalembert notes:
traduction de Ste
Elisabeth)

Garendon Park,
Loughborough Angleterre
October 14. 1867.

My very dear Friend and Brother

Your kind Letter of the 12th just received has given me some compensation for the disappointment of not being able to see you, when I called at your House last Sunday week—We spent one week at Paris, and the day before I left it, I went to the Rue du Bac, not expecting to find you there, for the Père Pilon, whom I met at Boulogne, had told me that you were gone from Paris, and were likely to make a lengthened stay in Belgium, and only the day before Monseigneur Gaume had told me that you were not returned, but I went there in order to enquire of *your Servants* how you were—and in doing so, judge of my surprise when I found that you were actually there: but you may also judge of my *disappointment* when I found that you were too ill to

¹ Montalembert's third daughter Madeleine acted as his secretary when he became too ill to write.

see me, and still more of my *sorrow*, to hear that it was so, for what could be more afflicting than to hear such a report of one, whose friendship I so deeply valued? But so it was, and I must resign myself to it—I am glad however to find from your Letter today, that though you are suffering from an aggravation of your complaint, still the case is not so anxious a one, as I feared from your servant's account it was. He, good man, made no mistake, and conveyed your message quite correctly to me, but probably he misunderstood my bad French, and did not adequately convey mine in return to you—the substance of it was that I would have gladly prolonged my stay in Paris on the hope of seeing you another Day, but that the term of my Month's ticket (which being for a Party of 10 People servants included was an important Pecuniary item) required my leaving Paris the next Day on my way home—However be this as it may, something may perhaps bring me into your Country another year and I shall hope then to be more fortunate than I was on this occasion.

And now for your Question about the Life of S. Elizabeth—of course let your Carmelite Friend (who by the bye I take to be my Son in Law's niece)¹ do as she and you like about it—I had often thought of completing not my *first Edition*, but my own Translation, as you say, on a more modest scale, and that, if I like, I can still do, if even Lady Minna (?) should bring out her's—and I suppose that you do not know, nor she either, that another Lady Translator, (a very indifferent one by the bye) has already, without either your Leave or mine, brought out a complete Translation of the whole work, and did so not less I think than 15 years ago.²

The reason why I never completed my first Edition, was because the first vol. never sold at all, and so after costing me more than £500 to bring out in that expensive form warned me not to lay out a similar amount in producing the second Vol, which would do no good to the English Reader, when he was as little likely to purchase it, as experience had proved he was in regard to the first—So instead of this, I brought out several chapters of the Latter in a monthly Periodical called 'the Catholic Magazine'. And while I was doing so, I suddenly heard that some Catholic Convert Lady had forestalled my Labours by bringing out a fresh and ill-composed Translation of the whole work—and so I gave the thing up. However if Lady Minna will give an improved version, she will certainly be rendering a service to the cause of English Catholic Literature as well as to that of Devotion and religious Instruction. We will not enter into any controversy on the only subject, on which we are not agreed, the merits of your Emperor. Your opinion ought to be decisive against the superficial one of an English Traveller,

¹ Lady Minna Charlotte Fitzalan Howard (1843-1921), second daughter of the 14th Duke of Norfolk, niece of Lord Edward Howard, who had married Philipps de Lisle's daughter Winifred.

² This is presumably a reference to a translation by Mary Hackett, author of *Josephine: a tale for young ladies*. A second edition of this translation appeared in New York in 1857, the introduction being separately translated by Mrs. J. Sadlier, wife of the well-known American Catholic publisher.

and if it does not overwhelm my convictions it at least peremptorily bids me hold my tongue—I quite agree in your remarks upon Archbishop Manning, Ward &c.—But the hopes of England's future Catholicity rests on independant grounds—on a great movement of Preparation, emanating from a combination of circumstances, and pointing to a consummation which both of them repudiate but which was long ago foreseen by your great de Maistre and at an earlier period by one still greater the Sublime Bossuet. I agree with you in thinking that the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes is at its last gasp, but I see in this work of destruction a stronger hand than that of the 3rd Napoleon: I see the onward and inevitable Progress of the great Revolution of the 19th Century: the culminating development of the same principle that overthrew the Prince-Bishopricks of Germany, and that has *unchurched* every Nation in Xtendom: and while I see this, I comfort myself with the thought that the extinction of the Temporal Power may at least relieve the Papacy of a Badge of Unpopularity, and take away one point of contention between It and the Nation, in whose midst the See of S. Peter is placed. I shall not relinquish my Prayers for your recovery, for though you are tired of Life under the Emperor's sway, neither the Church nor the civilized world can feel that it has been long enough for them.

Believe me, as ever,
very affectly yrs
Ambrose L.P. de Lisle

On some future day I meditate sending you a 'heraldic' criticism on your *Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre*—there is a passage in that admirable Tract of your's, that has always suggested to me a few words in reply, explanatory of English ideas.

This was the last letter of any length that Phillipps wrote to Montalembert. On 17 February 1868 he sent him a note introducing Alexander Forbes, the Anglican Bishop of Brechin, one

¹ Montalembert had written on two previous occasions: 'I was delighted to see that you so completely agreed with my speech at Malines. But what must you have thought of all Manning, Oakley, and *tutti quanti* of that School have written and done against me! I have heard from Rome that the Oxford Converts and Cardinal Wiseman have been my principal antagonists. . . . I really am at a loss to know how things are going on in England, as no English people ever come to see me, and I know nothing but through stray newspapers. But the little I do know does not encourage me in the hope that Catholicity will make any real progress in England, as long as the fanatical spirit of Archbishop Manning, Mr. Ward, and others of the same stamp is prevalent amongst English Catholics' (Purcell, II, pp. 257, 260). Montalembert must have felt most keenly the criticisms of Manning, since it was he who struck Montalembert (according to his *Journal intime*) while visiting England in 1855, as the most congenial of all the Oxford converts: ' . . . je vais dîner chez les bons Arundel, et je retrouve l'excellent, pieux et sage Manning, celui de tous les Catholiques anglais qui me satisfait le plus . . . l'excellent Mr. Manning qui me plaît et me frappe plus que tous les autres *convertis* anglais, et dont les sentiments me semblent tout à fait identiques avec les miens sur l'état général de l'Eglise, et sur les intérêts du Catholicisme en Angleterre et ailleurs.'

of the most ardent supporters of the reunion scheme, with the request that Montalembert should obtain for him introductions to the Archbishops of Paris and Bourges.

Montalembert replied to the letter of 14 October 1867 on 28 August 1869 (Purcell, II, pp. 261-2). His condition had grown more serious, and become complicated by a second illness; Napoleon III seemed genuinely to be moving towards real parliamentary government, which he had extinguished eighteen years before; and Manning had visited him on his sickbed: 'Last winter I had two very kind visits of Mgr. Manning. I did my best to convince him of the egregious mistake, he and all his numerous adherents are committing in doing their best to identify Catholicism with those exaggerated doctrines about Papal authority which were the rock on which the Catholic Church in England shipwrecked three hundred years ago. But he seemed mildly deaf to all my *historical* and *political* arguments, for naturally I did not think of touching on theology. I often read the *Weekly Register* and particularly the new *Tablet*, but almost always with utter disgust. . . . How unfathomable are the designs of God in allowing such oracles as Dr. Ward, Mr. Vaughan and others to be the representative of Catholic intelligence in the eyes of that immense Anglo-Saxon race which is so evidently intended to cover the whole modern world!' Six months later he was dead.

Phillipps threw himself with characteristic energy into the Vatican Council and civil allegiance controversy with Gladstone, at the same time passionately espousing, with his fervent belief that Mohammed was Antichrist, Gladstone's anti-Turkish policy in the Near East. He survived his friend by eight years, and died at Garendon Park on 5 March 1878.¹

¹ I wish to acknowledge the help I have received from grants made by the Research Fund of the Durham Colleges in the collection of material for this correspondence.

THE NEWMAN DEMOGRAPHIC SURVEY

A Preliminary Report

FATHER ROGER MOLS, S.J., in the *Nouvelle Revue Théologique*, has recently brought up to date the documentation of 'religious sociology', partly by reviewing no less than nine of the books on the subject that have appeared in France and Belgium during the last five years, and partly in an extended article on the growth and limitations of this new science. He observes that the simplest quantitative aspect of such research is concerned with 'the number of persons belonging to the various religious denominations, and, in the case of Catholics, the number of baptized persons, catechumens, priests, religious . . . subdivided according to age or sex, geographical distribution, etc., and compared if possible with earlier figures'. Most of these points, according to Father Mols, are covered by the official census returns of many countries, such as Germany, Canada, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, India, and a number of Latin-American states. Then there are chairs of religious sociology in various universities; the public opinion polls have tackled some of its problems here and there, from time to time; and in 'nearly every continental country of Western Europe there is now some national organization' for collecting, recording and analysing the statistical data. The Catholic *Amtliche Zentralstelle* at Cologne is the oldest of these; the Dutch *Institute* at the Hague—a 'semi-official'¹ body—dates from 1946. The offices at Brussels, Madrid and Paris are more recent. The Jesuit mentions Anglican work in the same field (but not Mr. Rowntree's controversial chapters on church attendance). He would, one suspects, be the first to regret the gap in his information that prevented him from mentioning the Newman Demographic Survey.

The origin of the Survey is something that provokes reflexion and

¹ The Katholiek Social Kerkeliek Institut at The Hague is not official in the same sense as the Zentralstelle at Cologne. While the latter is directed by priests who have had statistical training, the former is an independent lay organization, having a priest as President but a layman as Director-General. Its status *vis-à-vis* the Church is perhaps analogous to that of the National Institute of Economic and Social Research *vis-à-vis* the Government in this country. Its advice and surveys are constantly sought by Dutch bishops, parish and lay Catholic organizations, as well as by the Dutch Government and United Nations Agencies. But its relationship to them is that of consultant and client.

repays examination. In October 1953 the Ecclesiastical Assistant to the Newman Association addressed a meeting of its London Circle and invited those present to consider the practical tasks to which the members of the Association should turn their hand in the decades ahead in carrying out their duty of permeating contemporary thought and being of service to the Church. One of the younger members present, an officer of the local Circle but with neither office nor responsibility at the national level of the Association, took occasion to draw to the attention of his fellow-members a *lacuna* in the organization of English Catholicism—no one knows how many we are, how we are distributed in terms of age and sex, between the different dioceses, and between different occupations and social classes. . . . From this intervention the Newman Demographic Survey came into being.

Although the Newman Association has received the full approval and blessing of the Hierarchy of England and Wales in undertaking this work, the Newman Demographic Survey is still an unofficial agency. The Newman Association, which has no income but what it derives from the modest annual subscriptions of members (who cannot, because membership is more or less confined to graduates and members of the learned professions, be particularly numerous)—the Newman Association pays for the stationery and postage and has seen to the provision of the exiguous office of the Survey in London, free of charge for rent, rates, light, heat, cleaning and telephone, complete with free use of a typewriter and duplicator. Excellent use could be made of extra accommodation, of the services of a full-time shorthand typist, and of additional office equipment—another typewriter, calculating machines, filing cabinets and a tape-recorder—but the necessary funds are not available. As it is, much of the typing is done at members' homes and offices; members who have access to calculating machinery do work sent out from the headquarters; generous arrangements have also been made to allow the Survey use of punching machines, verifiers and counter-sorters.

The staff of the Survey is all part-time and unpaid. The organizing director of the work is a civil servant, with a normal full-time job elsewhere in London—it may be remarked in passing that the Department which enjoys the advantage of his services is one of those which exacts sixteen ounces to the pound of flesh. In addition to this, he puts in *forty hours a week* of 'his own' time for the purposes of the Survey, either at Portman Square or attending meetings in different parts of Greater London and the Home Counties; he has kept this up since Christmas 1953. Among his colleagues, this scale of performance is not unequalled. Many have spent several nights a week, and week-ends too, for many months extracting information from documents at Archbishop's House, Westminster, and in parish archives throughout the Archdiocese, and from other records in several Provincial towns. Some have spent much

of their free time extracting details from published statistics, preparing bibliographical material and digests and reviews of books. Others have coped cheerfully with dull jobs like addressing and filling quantities of envelopes, cutting stencils, duplicating forms, reports and memoranda, typing large numbers of 'top' copies of circular letters. Without the regular work, for several hours in the evening, of shorthand typists who have already done a hard day's work in their offices, the expertise of the statisticians would be ineffectual. Others, some men and women of distinction in their professions, some with family ties, have devoted and are devoting their time and expert knowledge ungrudgingly to the planning, organization and administration of the work. Anybody can do this sort of thing once or twice in a crisis: many of us did it for appreciable spells in the War, and thought much of ourselves on that account. The Survey depends on some scores of people doing it, week in, week out, for love of the Church, in peace-time and without 'over-time' or kudos of any sort. But not only do they freely offer their services, they meet practically all their personal travelling, postage and other expenses as well, while many send contributions to the Survey's 'Speed the Work Fund'.

Less than half of the Survey's personnel live or work in Greater London. Those in the Provinces help in two ways: they do any local negotiation that may be necessary and work on local sources; they also do work sent to them from London. So far there has not been much work on local sources: one big job at Oxford, a 'pilot' job directed by the Chairman of the Survey, Mr. Colin Clark, and another at Aberystwyth, directed by Professor Michael Fogarty and Dr. Nevin. In addition there has been local work, involving one or more members of the Survey, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Wallasey, Portsmouth and the university towns. One aspect of this work is also directed from a Provincial town. Work in the Provinces, however, should become increasingly important.

In order to ease the pressure in London, a lot of work has been undertaken by members in the Provinces—bibliographical work, reviews and digests of books, scrutiny of the press, addressing envelopes, work on census reports, and statistical work—including one large and complicated piece of tabulation which was done by the Manchester Team. Research Teams are formed wherever several members of the Survey live in the same locality and there is someone technically qualified to act as Team Leader. Quite a number of these Teams have been constituted; the aim is to have one in every diocesan and university town.

Before any serious work can be done in the field of religious sociology in this country, a broad framework of demographic knowledge about the Catholics of England and Wales must be established: how many Catholics there are; what the composition of this Catholic

community is in terms of age, sex, and place of residence. Once this framework has been erected it will be possible for Bishops and Archbishops to have forecasts prepared of future requirements for schools, churches and clergy in different parts of their dioceses. Once the sociological studies, which require this framework are making progress—on such subjects as marriage, fertility, 'leakage', conversion, and standards of religious practice—the Hierarchy in this country will have at its disposal a means of discovering causes of weakness and assessing the value and results of different policies, which has proved of great value to the Church abroad.

The Survey's first task then is to estimate the number of Catholics in England and Wales. In order to discover what can be done at the diocesan level, the Survey is also preparing estimates of the number of Catholics of each age and sex in the Archdiocese of Westminster. The directors of the Survey are doing all in their power to produce these estimates as quickly as possible, and try to keep the work to its timetable; but the methods being used are quite untried, and unexpected delays can occur at any stage. In consequence it would be imprudent to forecast completion dates.

Another of the major schemes that are in progress is the Schools Enquiry. The object of this is to discover how many Catholic children, divided by age and sex, by diocese and type and status of school, were in Catholic schools in January 1955. The results of this enquiry when combined with the estimates of Catholic population at each age will reveal how many Catholic children were in January 1955 being educated in non-Catholic schools. The central feature of this scheme has been the issue of a blank card, with accompanying letter, to every known Catholic school in England and Wales—some 2600 in all.

Once the back of all this work has been broken, once the best methods and sources have been discovered, it should not be difficult to keep the information up to date, to extend its scope and to increase its accuracy. It will also be possible then to embark seriously on long-term studies in the field of religious sociology.

BOOK REVIEWS

A VIEW OF EUROPE

The Struggle for Mastery in Europe: 1848-1918. (The Oxford History of Modern Europe.) By A. J. P. Taylor. (O.U.P. [Geoffrey Cumberlege]. 30s.)

THE Oxford History of Modern Europe means by 'modern' not post-mediaeval, like the Cambridge Modern History, but post-French Revolution. Its editors, Mr. Allan Bullock and Mr. F. W. Deakin, plan it in sixteen volumes of which the first eight will be studies, a volume to a country, of the main national societies of Europe. The second group of volumes will treat particular subjects which can best be handled internationally; it is to this second group that the first volume of the series on the Diplomatic History of Europe since 1848 belongs. The editors do not tell us when the other volumes will appear, but none of them is advertised or announced on the jacket of this one, and if this series follows the normal pattern of such series, many years may elapse, the subject matter of each volume being so vast. This is a pity, because diplomatic history could usefully have been one of the later volumes. As it is, Mr. Taylor, with so much ground to cover, travels so fast and has so much to compress and say that he gives an impression of excessive dogmatism about the real motives of rulers and statesmen as he looks first at one negotiating party and then at another; and though he might be able to substantiate these sweeping affirmations, he has no space in which to do so. Public opinion which plays commonly a large and often a decisive part, even in the policies of autocratically governed states, cannot be explained as it should be. Mr. Taylor makes most allowance for it when he is writing of the French. Both Napoleon III and the Frenchmen of the Third Republic had to deal with a peculiarly sensitive and unhappy public opinion which was the legacy of the dual French greatness under the *ancien régime* and under Napoleon. Mr. Taylor asserts that the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine was not important; the French did not mind territorial loss, what they minded was defeat, and the lost provinces were a symbol of defeat, of the passing of

France's premier position. The defeat of Napoleon had not been felt by Frenchmen as the defeat of France, because the victorious Allies had hastened to restore monarchical France, and this enabled a whole generation of Frenchmen to nourish illusions which were too rudely shattered in 1870. Where public opinion always played a leading and generally baleful part was in making ministers think that no negotiation between any other countries should ever be accepted without some compensation for their own.

Mr. Taylor brings out very well the persistent determination of Czarist Russia to count as a European power, a legacy of the great part Russia had played in the defeat of Napoleon and the settlement of 1815, but also the reflexion of an acute anxiety not to be isolated in the Asiatic rivalry with Britain, and not to risk such disturbance as would weaken Russia's hold over Poland, Russia having been the chief beneficiary of the Partition.

Mr. Taylor's work is marked by an immense acquaintance with official documents, but he is never smothered, lost or even disconcerted by this mountainous material. It is an impressive achievement. If it is used in University History Schools it may well prove important for the account he gives of the diplomacy of Hohenzollern Prussia from Bismarck to William II. This diplomacy is generally looked at in Britain first in the light of the wartime propaganda after 1914, and then of subsequent German history. Mr. Taylor emphasizes as other writers have done the caution and moderation of Bismarck, and he disposes of the story of Bismarck altering the Ems Telegram to precipitate war. He traces the abandonment of Bismarckian caution to tensions inside Germany, the rise of the Social Democrats, but he does not write enough about the personal character of William II, decisive though that was to prove. When he comes to the Chamberlain-Bülow conversations at the turn of the century, he sees their failure as natural because Britain would offer nothing and was asking Germany to stand in the front line against Russia, the over-riding British interest being to restrain the Russians all the way round the perimeter of the Czar's empire. He shows the Germans as being led very easily to abandon the Boer Republics in return for vague proposals, never implemented, by which Britain would let Germany share in the Portuguese colonies as and when they were taken over by means of a loan to Portugal. None of this happened; the Portuguese, remembering their ancient alliance with Britain, joined the War against Germany; after that, as allies, their colonies were never in any danger, and they followed this up by reforming their currency, and in a lean hungry world being one of the countries that escaped the lenders' grip.

Napoleon III had wanted to encourage a Liberal Germany as well as a Liberal Italy. He came to have his doubts, as well he might, whether French interests were served by policies which promoted at the

expense of Austria-Hungary united Italy and united Germany. But his policy had supported them both. In their international relations, old national societies like the French are seldom purely contemporary and practical. The weak and slowly failing Austro-Hungarian monarchy was still in French eyes the Empire, that which for so long had been the whetstone against which French arms had grown sharp, the Empire which had stretched out to include the Low Countries, and against which the armies of the Revolution and Napoleon had primarily marched. The reversal of alliances in 1756, of which the Austrian Queen of France had been the symbol, had not lasted, and French policy in the nineteenth century continually sought a pointless and mistaken weakening of Austria. Austria was the only power without the desire or means to play a part outside Europe. The old Russia, the new Germany and the new Italy, all had undefined Asiatic or African ambitions, and when the French also collected an overseas Empire, their rivalry, primarily with Britain, also forced them to consider these European countries from a colonial as well as from a European point of view. When Thiers went on his vain mission round the capitals of Europe at the end of 1870, he found a small welcome in London, where the Prussian victory was generally popular as giving Europe a better balance between the leading powers. So much did the power of the name of Napoleon still mean to Victorian Englishmen whose volunteers always envisaged France as the enemy. It was only very slowly over a generation that British views changed, the turning point coming with the German decision to build a big Navy, a decision taken in 1897 and carried out in 1900. The British had a lesson in their own vulnerability when they had to transport half a million men on the exposed route to the Cape in order to win a colonial war. They were apprehensive of the Russian Fleet in the Far East, and made an alliance with Japan which they only gave up twenty years later under American pressure. The centre of diplomatic interest in the quarter of a century before the War of 1914 seemed to be moving to Asia and Africa. After the Entente Cordiale, relations with Britain and Russia took on a curious dualism. Both were allies of France for the stability of Europe, but outside Europe Britain and Russia were watching each other jealously, making uneasy agreements like that over Persia in 1907.

In all this part of his book Mr. Taylor is a disquieting writer, for he shows the professional diplomats and their governments absorbed in short-range calculations, none of them envisaging or still less wanting the catastrophic war into which they were all to be drawn so soon. The war came as the result of their moves and counter-moves, and their dread of losing prestige, suffering in the eyes of the world, but still more in the eyes of their own public opinion if they did not take the strong line which then produced a strong line from the other power. The War of 1914, the parent of so much evil, was drifted into for quite insufficient

national reasons by statesmen afraid of what would be thought of them if they did not take a sufficiently strong line. But this is not to say that they could not have stumbled into the same catastrophe by the other road of what was later to be called appeasement, too obvious an eagerness for peace at any price encouraging the ambitious and dissatisfied powers to increase their pressure to beyond exploding point. Once public opinion has become a major factor in international diplomacy, it becomes hard to say whether it is more dangerous when it is too nationalistic or too pacific. Diplomatic history offers little reassurance, and the best ground for hope is that today the stakes have been raised to such dizzy and appalling heights that all statesmen must move more warily. Before 1914 they did not want war; but the kind of war they did not want was something incomparably smaller and shorter and less damaging to the fabric of civilization than the war which came. There were even some, particularly in Austria, who judged a nineteenth-century war a lesser evil than disintegration through weakness. But the Austrians of 1914 had survived defeat in war fifty years before, and imagined it could be done, not knowing that Francis Joseph in 1866 was the last example of a ruler and governing group surviving a major defeat. For Czarist Russia only seemed to have survived the Russo-Japanese War.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

DE TOCQUEVILLE

L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution. Being Volume 2 of the *Oeuvres Complètes* of Alexis de Tocqueville. Edition définitive publiée sous la direction de J. P. Mayer. (Gallimard, Paris.) 2 vols.: Vol. 1, 790 frs., Vol. 2, 960 frs.

THE world of scholarship and learning has good cause to look with special interest upon the new edition of the complete works of Alexis de Tocqueville of which the two volumes under review together constitute the second volume. It is novel both in matter and in mode of presentation, for much that de Tocqueville wrote will now appear for the first time and it is appearing under unusual and distinguished auspices.

Comte Jean de Tocqueville has generously opened the archives preserved at the home of his ancestors in the château at Tocqueville in Normandy to make them available to a British editor, Mr. J. P. Mayer, whose own small study of de Tocqueville as the prophet of the mass age has already served to renew interest in one of the most acute political observers of modern times. Mr. Mayer has very wisely sought and he has fortunately found aid commensurate with the vastness and responsi-

bility of his task. It is right and fitting that he should look in the first place to French scholarship for assistance and it is indeed evident that he did not look in vain, for the list of eighteen distinguished French scholars who have come forward to form the Commission Nationale pour l'Edition des Oeuvres d'Alexis de Tocqueville includes such names as those of Georges Lefebvre, Pierre Renouvin and Paul Vaucher. Englishmen have additional reason to contemplate the list with satisfaction since it includes not merely proved old friends like Paul Vaucher and René Varin but also Christopher Dawson, Sir Lewis Namier and Professor R. H. Tawney. Until his untimely death, Professor H. J. Laski was also a member and the introduction he fittingly contributed to the first volume in this series, *De la Démocratie en Amérique*, was one of the last things he wrote. Such a manifestation of the Entente Cordiale in the world of letters deserves more than passing notice, for it suggests a pattern of activity capable of great further development.

An editorial enterprise upon such a scale, although no greater than should by common consent be accorded to a thinker of de Tocqueville's standing, may well cause surprise as well as admiration prompting the enquiry how it came to be arranged. It is pleasant to read the answer in the prefatory statement that the National Commission was set up by the Cultural Relations Department of the French Foreign Office and to realize that here is one more example of the enlightened action in international intellectual co-operation which will always be associated with the names of MM. Jaujard, Joxe and Varin.

To them and to the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique is to be attributed much of the necessary additional motive power which has made the edition a success. That it was possible to undertake it at all on such a scale and with such scholarly care is however due to the Rockefeller Foundation which has stepped some distance from its normal policy to give powerful financial support to the whole enterprise. Their enlightened action bids fair to create for itself a monument future generations will gladly honour. The present generation undoubtedly can have nothing but gratitude to the Foundation whose help is of the sort that no private scholar and few, if any, publishing houses, can now hope either to rival or replace. In our age the difficulties confronting scholarly publications are well known but far less attention is given to the still greater prior difficulties of scholarly production. Enlightened publishers are normally not so frightened of putting a first-class scholarly work of reference into print as the scholars are of undertaking the heavy, protracted and little rewarded duty of providing the MSS. It is difficult to see how a definitive edition of the works of de Tocqueville could have been undertaken without assistance on a scale that none but a foundation or a Government could provide. For it is by no means merely a question of collating previously

printed texts but of prolonged research for MS. material and its assimilation, co-ordination and orderly publication. All the more credit and honour therefore to the Rockefeller Foundation for making possible the present work.

De Tocqueville was fifty-one when *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* appeared in 1856. His fame was then already secure for his earlier work, *De la Démocratie en Amérique*, had revealed, twenty-one years earlier, a mind of unusual penetration and insight. He belonged, like Macaulay, to a generation which came to maturity soon enough after the Revolution to have been in personal contact with many of its survivors but late enough to see that great explosion written about as an event in past history. Neither what he heard nor what he read satisfied de Tocqueville that the full story of the cataclysm had yet been told. He resolved to look to the sources himself. He spent many hours in the Bibliothèque Nationale, he consulted the Archives Nationales, he went up and down the country inspecting local records, he followed up what clues he could get from conversations with friends and casual acquaintances and he spent some time at the British Museum and at the Public Record Office in London, then far from their present efficiency and ease of access. Despite what he himself called infinite pains, he was by no means sure that he was able correctly to reconstruct a picture of the economic, social, civil, political and administrative life of his own country as it had been as recently as in the lifetime of his own father. We are apt to forget today how new it was a hundred years ago to find an historian with so deep a scholarly interest in so broad a field, for despite the examples of Montesquieu and Burke the sociological approach to the past was slow in developing. De Tocqueville's formidable industry had as its principal objective the goal of all reflective historians, that is to say the discovery of principles, of canons of interpretation or of guiding concepts by which the immense welter and confusion of recorded facts could be organized, digested and understood. Professor Lefebvre, in his illuminating introduction, calls attention to de Tocqueville's own declaration: 'Je ne ferais rien de bien *a priori*; mais peut-être de la vue des détails les idées mères naîtront'; and he vindicates him from the accusation that he merely looked in his researches for facts to illustrate his preconceived theories. Hypotheses de Tocqueville certainly had, but he tried to hold them loosely and tentatively.

The result was a book which instantly won a recognition that it has never lost during the interval of almost a century which has elapsed since its first publication. *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* did not of course say the last word on the origins and nature of the catastrophe by which France and all Europe were engulfed. But it said the first word which reflective or philosophic history has pronounced upon that great theme and it said it with a vigour, incision and assurance which

give it a secure place above the flood of writings by which both it and studies of the Revolution are in danger of being submerged.

Three years later he died, leaving a mass of notes and drafts, some only of which were included in the collected edition of his works in 1864. A much fuller selection, very much more carefully edited, is included in the substantial second volume of the work under review. From it also much can be learned about the history of France and much also about de Tocqueville's industry and methods of work. How fruitful that was to be, was already evident in a long article on 'L'État social et politique de la France avant et depuis 1789' contributed by him in 1836 to the *London and Westminster Review* where it appeared translated by John Stuart Mill. The editors have found the French original of this essay which was a good deal longer than the version sent to England and they have most usefully printed it in full before the text of *L'Ancien Régime* itself.

L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution was indeed a tract for the times. The depth and sincerity of de Tocqueville's message is often apparent in smouldering phrases which recall Tacitus at his best. Liberty is his panacea; not a liberty designed to provide the maximum of merely material satisfactions but 'le plaisir de pouvoir parler, agir, respirer sans contrainte sous le seul gouvernement de Dieu et des lois', to which he adds the pregnant truth 'Qui cherche dans la liberté autre chose qu'elle-même est né pour servir.' From the standpoint which de Tocqueville took it seems no big step to a philosophy of history which would put the French Revolution into its proper perspective as the inevitable breaking point of a cultural system which had for too long been pursuing vain ends. The cultural life of the leaders of France, the aristocrats and higher bourgeoisie devoted as it long had been to enjoyments without duties, to the exercise of social power without corresponding responsibilities, to an irreligion and incredulity unbalanced by philosophical reflexion or strong ethical conviction, collapsed inevitably from sheer lack of a strong vital principle. De Tocqueville sees the origin of the malady in the fourteenth century and he, like Commines before him, blames particularly Charles VII for cunningly sowing the seeds of a caste system by exempting the nobility from taxation imposed on the ordinary people, a shameful relief and exemption which he also blames the nobles for accepting. This is all very true but we may now supplement his insight by reflecting that the action both of King and nobles was an early sign of a general disposition of society which by infecting all classes and all values was nothing less than the dawn of a new era.

Not of course that until the fifteenth century men were indifferent to creature comforts or to those sensate urges which are as old as the human race. They were, at least the cultured leaders were, able to subordinate such instinctive animal drives to allow some greater weight

to less material considerations, often of an idealistic if not always of a definitely religious character. The progressive secularization of cultural values which is the mark of the modern as distinct from the mediaeval period of European history is the broad underlying principle which de Tocqueville did not invoke. Much of what he wrote accords with this principle and illustrates it. In turn it would clarify some of his own insights and here and there correct others. He remarks, for example, that fervour for the Revolution in France had the qualities of a religion, so falling into the same mistake that commentators on communism are apt to commit in our own day. He was nearer the truth in saying that there was at least one quality the revolutionary generation possessed to a greater degree than their degenerate descendants, namely self-confidence. It was, of course, the determination of great masses to win material advantages which provided this motive force, but there was really nothing new about it except that it was given unbridled licence to wreck ordered society and thereby to destroy the patrimony of France. The theory of the Revolution did not, as de Tocqueville saw, lack respectability because it was the product of the best minds of the age. The Revolution became a plague and a curse because they failed to remain in control, leaving the subsequent course of events to the unlicensed liberty of the dregs of society. If a better proof than this is needed that here was no religious movement, it is not wanting. It is not necessary to look beyond that moral and spiritual bankruptcy in which de Tocqueville is, alas, by no means the only Frenchman to consider his great country still condemned to flounder.

F. R. COWELL

CARDINAL GIBBONS

The Life of James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, 1834-1921.

By John Tracy Ellis. (The Bruce Publishing Co. \$17.50.)

THE fifty years that followed the Civil War in the United States was a period of unparalleled growth in population, wealth and strength, a time of intense immigration accompanied by a change from an economy that was still largely agricultural to one where industrial cities grew at an astounding rate. Naturally there were growing pains, upheavals, clashes where so many diverse elements in race, religion and economic interests were involved, and the Church did not escape this general unrest. The years from the Third Council of Baltimore to the end of the century were marked by dissensions among the bishops on major matters of policy such as Secret Societies, Cahensleyism, the Knights of Labour, the case of Henry George and Dr. McGlynn, the school plan of Archbishop Ireland and the foundation of the Catholic University of America, while at other times the bishops were almost

unanimous in their opposition to what they considered inopportune interference from Rome, as in the question of the appointment of an Apostolic Delegate. Throughout this period the premier see of Baltimore was occupied by James Gibbons, leader and spokesman of the bishops in virtue of his see, his cardinalitial dignity and his own innate powers of leadership. Thus his years of rule coincide with the formative years of the Union and with the period when the Church was called on to assimilate hundreds of thousands of the faithful from nearly every country in Europe, weaning them gradually from their former national attachments and making them into Catholics whose loyalty in temporal matters would be given wholeheartedly to the young nation that had adopted them. That this was accomplished with so much success was due in no small measure to the group of bishops who formed the progressive wing of the hierarchy, Gibbons himself, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Bishop Spalding of Peoria and Bishop Keane of the Catholic University of America.

Cardinal Gibbons, although ordained priest in a Baltimore that was occupied by Union troops a couple of months after the attack on Fort Sumter, lived on until the aftermath of the First World War and died in 1921. He came early to high office, being appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina two years after his ordination and two years later, at the age of thirty-five, he attended the Vatican Council and was the youngest bishop present. In 1877 he was translated to Baltimore to be the eighth successor of John Carroll who had established the first American see there in 1789 after his consecration at Lulworth Castle. He was destined to rule the archdiocese for some forty-four years:

Hence the story that Fr. Tracy Ellis has to tell has a sweep of almost a century, a subject that calls for a broad canvas and, in order to avoid distracting details, a discriminating selection of relevant facts placed in their context of ecclesiastical and secular history. The broad canvas is certainly used: two large well-illustrated volumes, each containing more than seven-hundred pages; but the selection is not evident and the connexion between the history of the Church and the history of the Union is not brought out. This is to be regretted, as the internal problems of the Church were a reflexion of the progressive wave in the Union generally: the Cahensleyites, the Americanists and Progressives were the Grangers, Greenbackers and Populists of the Church. After the Third Council of Baltimore a distinctive American Church was organizing itself internally and at the same time American institutions and the American way of life, so different from the society that the first generation immigrants had known in Europe, were crystallizing out. In these hectic days Cardinal Gibbons (he was created Cardinal in 1886) had a double task: as premier archbishop frequent appeal was made to him for his opinion and intervention in disputed matters, while at the same time (until the appointment of an

Apostolic Delegate in 1893) he was the chief liaison, either directly or through his trusted Mgr. O'Connell in Rome, with Propaganda.

In the first of these rôles he was more successful in achieving unity through compromise than through downright leadership. Here Fr. Ellis, with a great wealth of documentation from diocesan archives, shows how Gibbons while sympathizing with the views represented most outspokenly by Archbishop Ireland yet managed to preserve the confidence of such as Archbishop Corrigan of New York. In these years to the turn of the century he achieved greatness, and the fact that unity was kept in the diversities of the Church from the Atlantic to the Pacific (with the comparatively negligible defection of a small Polish National Church) was largely due to Gibbons' untiring work for peace. It seems clear that he often did not have the courage of his convictions and at times had to be pushed by his friends to make a stand, but this very diffidence was perhaps an asset in the difficult rôle he had to fill. In his relations with Rome he was less successful. His advice on the appointment of bishops, particularly in the German controversy, was more often than not disregarded, and his desire to please all parties was at times considered by Rome—and by Leo XIII himself—as a vacillation which diminished his value as a counsellor. Nor was he able to prevent the condemnation of Americanism, that phantom heresy which was far more of a weapon used by the republicans in France against the royalists than a deviation endemic to the New World. But his great triumph and the act by which Catholic workers were encouraged to organize in labour unions with the Church's blessing was his successful defence in Rome of the Knights of Labour. His may not have been the hand that drew up the document that convinced Propaganda that Cardinal Taschereau's condemnation was mistaken, but he signed it and once it was published he used all his energies and persuasive powers to support it. This timely defence of the labour movement in its early days has been of inestimable benefit to the Church in the United States ever since and has ensured the presence of Catholics among labour leaders to an extent that was impossible for example in England. After the appointment of Satolli as Apostolic Delegate his position as channel between the United States and the Holy See was naturally greatly diminished. Apart from the negotiations regarding Cuba and the Philippines after the Spanish-American War, here told for the first time in great detail, Gibbons was no longer the spokesman of Rome nor was his advice sought so frequently. It is true that great things were accomplished, the growth of the Catholic University of America and the foundation of the National Catholic Welfare Conference after the First World War, but his unique position passed with the turn of the century. He survived into another age, and while remaining to the Press and to the nation the symbol of American Catholicism, his public influence was slight.

While this is not an interpretative biography—for there is too much special pleading and an erroneous impression is created that Gibbons was the sun around which the other bishops revolved as satellites—it is a fully documented and exhaustive catalogue of all the incidents in the Cardinal's life. Certainly Fr. Ellis has explored and used most of the available sources and no subsequent biographer will have any new facts to add, apart from details of the major controversies drawn from the pamphlets and newspapers that Fr. Ellis has neglected. From the vast store of information in these two volumes the discerning reader can extract the character of a great churchman and a great American. While enjoying the pomp and circumstance of high office he was essentially humble, accepting with equanimity criticism from his fellow bishops which at times—as in the strictures of Bishop McQuaid of Rochester—was so sharp as to be almost insulting. He was devoted and loyal to his friends, the more so when they were in adversity, and was more valiant in defending them than in advancing his own opinions. In turbulent times he was ever a peace-maker, although occasionally using the policy of masterly inactivity to the extent that he had to be stung into action by his more forthright and penetrating friends, like Ireland and Keane. His talent did not lie in literary fields and many of the articles and letters printed over his name were prepared by others, but one of his earliest works has endured. *The Faith of Our Fathers*, published originally in 1876 for the scattered Catholics of the Old Dominion, is still regularly reprinted in many languages all over the Catholic world and, in the words of his biographer, 'deserves to rank among the most effective apologetic works in Christian history'. As Cardinal Gibbons advanced in years he became a vast repository of wisdom and experience which was called on by men of Church and State. In his mature years, as Fr. Ellis says, 'they had come to this wise little man to consult for nearly half a century, and they had invariably found it rewarding. It was a remarkable testimony to his greatness that the Cardinal's leadership of them should have produced not only a profound respect for his judgement, but also a deep and abiding love for the man.'

JOHN FITZSIMONS

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

The Idea of a Liberal Education. Edited by Henry Tristram. (Harrap. 10s. 6d.)

Meditations and Devotions. By John Henry Newman. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

OF these new editions, the former contains extracts from Newman's works relating to University Education. By compiling them Father

Henry Tristram, who 'knows more of Newman than any living man', as Maisie Ward declares, has succeeded in giving a clear outline of Newman's ideal. In his brilliant introduction he discusses the liberal education offered by Oxford and especially by Oriel College in the early nineteenth century. He describes the attack aimed at it by the *Edinburgh Review* and its defence by Copleston and Davison. Newman proposed this liberal education, of which he himself was a product, for the Dublin University.

The contents of the extracts come to this: Newman wants to depict the ideal University, a fruit of that civilization which originated in the Mediterranean countries. Hence the Classics are its main feature. Essentially it is not at the improvement of knowledge that a University should aim. *Πολυμαθίη νοῦν οὐ διδάσκει*. Of course, knowledge is necessary as an integral part of University teaching, as a means to educate the intellect, but the formal element of University training is 'the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our requirements'. 'That only is true enlargement of mind which is the power of viewing many things at once as a whole, of referring them severally to their place in the universal system, of understanding their respective values, and determining their mutual dependence.' This, however, requires a discipline in accuracy of mind. It trains good members of society, it produces the *gentleman*. These ends cannot be obtained by other means, e.g. by reading newspapers, periodicals, books, or by travelling, or by gaining experience. It is this liberal education which teaches us how to develop our ideas, and how to express our thoughts in language, and it does so by introducing us into Literature. Moreover, liberal education shows us the unity of knowledge, 'the internal sympathy which exists between all branches of knowledge whatever, and the danger resulting to knowledge itself by a disunion between them, and the object in consequence to which a University is dedicated'. It will insist that we should not be men of one idea, but must discard all narrowness of knowledge as excluding a deep philosophy and a broad comprehensive view of all sciences. Nor should we forget that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to represent all ideas and aspects of things by words or symbols, so that in many cases we shall only be able to express ourselves by economical representations. We might even infer that God, while creating, used a divine 'economy', adapting Himself to our limitations, so that the visible world is a token of realities much more real than our impressions warrant. Hence, it is dangerous to promulgate scientific hypotheses as unchangeable truths. When the intellect has 'been properly trained and formed to have a connected view or grasp of things, it will display its powers with more or less effect according to its particular quality and capacity'.

Father Henry finishes the book with short, but important notes on every extract.

At first sight it might seem strange that he inserted the chapters on *The English Character and its Political Results* and on *Prejudice*. What is their relation to a Liberal Education? The former refers especially to the Crimean War, the latter to the prejudices of English Protestants against Catholics. Many a man who by his English character was responsible for the disastrous consequences of the war with Russia, and others who were unjustly prejudiced against Catholics, belonged to the classes that had received their Liberal Education at Oxford. Had this education failed? But if this were true, it had failed with all graduates of the time! The book belongs to Harrap's *Life, Literature and Thought Library*, which presents texts 'valuable as manifestations of the spirit of the periods in which they were written', compiled not only for the general reader, but for 'students in universities and the upper forms of schools'; this may serve to explain Father Henry's choice.

There is one theory of Newman's which I miss in this compilation, viz. his argument in the *Idea of a University* for the necessity of Theology as a branch of knowledge at the Schools of Learning. You could hardly mention any other subject which Newman brought home in his Lectures with more force and emphasis. Perhaps Father Henry has not dealt with it explicitly because it is implied in several chapters.

The book proves again the unity of Newman's thought, which is one of the most remarkable things in the history of his mind. The extracts were written between 1842 and 1858. In the meantime he had become a Catholic. But nowhere does he change his ideas about liberal education. When we survey his life we may say that, with the exception of some religious doctrines, his later ideas are but developments of what he taught in earlier years. As the *Grammar of Assent*, in his old age, was only the outgrowth of his theory of implicit and explicit Reason of the Oxford times, in the same way Newman's thoughts about liberal education, formulated in the last extracts, are the development of those he had on the subject when a Tutor under Hawkins.

This little book is of importance, indeed, for all undergraduates and graduates of any University, not only of those run on Newman's lines but also those Universities which could better be called Academies, Schools for professional knowledge or for special research. Even they would profit by it and acquire a certain enlargement of mind, and a true philosophical outlook on life and the world, if the Professors and students cared to put Newman's remarks in practice as far as circumstances permit. The extracts show how the danger of one-sidedness and lack of balance of mind may be avoided. They prove the supreme importance of social and scientific interaction between students in different branches or subjects. They incite students to a real enlargement of mind, a philosophy in the broad sense of the word, fashioning gentlemen, men of interior and outward culture, not content with merely amassing

knowledge. They inculcate the golden rule that Professors should keep in contact with their colleagues' scientific labours, and in this way work for unity among the branches of knowledge by comparing, adjusting, arranging, systematizing, etc.

Meditations and Devotions give us an insight into Newman's inner life by means of his prayers and meditations. In his short but admirable introduction Father Henry suggests that they were compiled with a view to publication. In his contribution to the *Newman Centenary Essays*—'With Newman at Prayer'—he seems to imply the contrary. But on second reading it is easy to reconcile Father Henry's statements. In the Introduction he says: 'From the time of his reception into the Church, or at least from his early Catholic days, as early as March 6, 1848, Newman entertained the idea of compiling a book, which he proposed to call *A Year Book of Devotions*. . . . When he died it remained inchoate.' In his *Centenary Essays*, however, he states: 'It does not appear that Newman ever intended to offer them to the public.' So Newman wanted a book, but for personal use, or for the use of his Oratorians or his Oratorian Church or perhaps for the Little Oratory. As these meditations reveal Newman's most delicate feelings, his intimate relations to God, his humble thoughts about himself, we cannot imagine that he wanted to open his heart like this to the public at large. We know what pain it meant to him when he was compelled to write his *Apologia*, which was after all but the revelation of his religious opinions. When he formed the plan of the book of devotions he had just started his Catholic life, but when he gave Father Neville a general permission to do with his manuscripts what he thought best, he was an old man and knew that his literary executor would be most conscientious in the choice of parts to be published.

The book consists of three parts, the first being a number of meditations for the month of May, the second containing meditations and devotions chiefly in connexion with Christ's sufferings, the third giving a collection of meditative prayers on Christian Doctrine.

It is especially the third part of which I want to speak. It accords with his early Journals, which will be published shortly, and in which Newman takes note of his merits as also of his sins and weaknesses, and this in such a way that the account seems unreliable to some Newmanologists. Of course, the style of the two is altogether different. In the early Journals he uses Evangelical phraseology, which he ascribed to his 'bad taste'; in the Meditations he writes with the ingenuous simplicity of the Anglican Sermons. They seem even simpler still, and are admirably suited to the personal intercourse of a highly gifted but humble soul with his infinite Master. Here follow a few examples of self-reproaches from the Journals and similar ones from the Meditations. As a young undergraduate at Trinity he confesses:

The time has come round for the celebration of the death of our dear Saviour . . . how deficient am I in any good thing . . . I find my pride, vanity, haughtiness, know no bounds . . . I am inclosed in a net . . . I look down on others whom I do not know, and those whom I meet in the streets, who appear of an inferior rank to myself, with ineffable contempt, and look up with meanness, I may say, and awe to those who seem above me.

I am horribly vain of my attainments, abilities, and performances. And, as to pride, it is leading me every minute into ill nature, anger, lying and uncharitableness . . .

(*Copy of Memoranda*, 18 August 1821.)

Here is a parallel passage from the Meditations:

I am very guilty. I have trifled with the highest gifts, the power to move Omnipotence. How slack I am in praying to Thee for my own needs! How little have I thought of the needs of others! How little have I brought before Thee the needs of the world—of Thy Church! How little have I asked for graces in detail! and for aid in daily wants! How little have I interceded for individuals! How little have I accompanied actions and undertakings, in themselves good, with prayer for Thy guidance and blessing! (p. 307.)

On 2 June 1822, he put the following entry in his Journal:

Weeks go on and I am not a bit better, or rather I am worse; and this morning I have to take the Sacrament. O good God, I am unmerciful, hardhearted, unforgiving, pitiless. Thy blessings are infinite. I pray and bless Thee that this temptation, into which I have been gradually sickening this last half year, is not one of painful and perplexing doubts and fits of unbelief. I praise and bless Thee, that it is not a fiery attack from my besetting sin. What will become of me? I am rolling down a precipice, and there is no arm in the universe that can save me but that of Jesus.

And as an old man before receiving Communion at Mass he prays:

Thou seest how unworthy so great a sinner is to receive the One Holy God, whom the Seraphim adore with trembling. Thou seest, not only the stains and scars of past sins, but the mutilations, the deep cavities, the chronic disorders which they have left in my soul. Thou seest the innumerable living sins, though they be not mortal, living in their power and presence, their guilt, and their penalties, which clothe me. Thou seest all my bad habits, all my mean principles, all wayward, lawless thoughts, my multitude of infirmities and miseries, yet Thou comest. Thou seest most perfectly how little I really feel what I am now saying, yet Thou comest. O my God, left to myself should I not perish under the awful splendour and the consuming fire of Thy Majesty? (p. 321.)

The passages, just quoted, however, could give a wrong impression of the two documents. The context proves that his view of spiritual life is by no means gloomy, but full of hope, joy, gratitude, and an intense desire to do God's Will. The reading of the whole shows that though he did not live in an exultant and jubilant mood, and though he had a keen sense of his imperfections, yet he was essentially a happy man.

There is almost nothing in these Meditations that we cannot repeat and make our own. Nevertheless, they were apparently written for Newman's personal use, they are more or less autobiographic. We get such insight into Newman's inner life that we see the severe self-accusations of his youth and early manhood as genuine. We can understand his humble thoughts about himself and do not notice any exaggeration since his self-depreciation is caused by the light of God's holiness, God's absolute rights over man, God's proofs of immense love towards His rational beings.

Another thing which clearly stands out from this book is the fact that John Henry Newman is not a mystic.

Many authors have called him so, even in the strict sense of Catholic spiritual treatises. But in these pages we cannot find the slightest trace of mystical experiences. Everything is plain matter-of-fact, simple faith, nothing extraordinary, not even a remote allusion to the secret gardens of that wonderful world. Many have been misled by the words of the *Apologia* that he rested 'in the thought of two and two only absolutely and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator' and further by the passages from his writings in which he dwells on the voice of conscience, the voice of a divine Master. This voice made him think of God and of His presence indeed, but it did not give him the experimental knowledge of God, the sensible certitude of his union with the Almighty, which is the characteristic feature of a mystic. It was pure faith, a faith which made him happy and contented but no more.

Thy Saints . . . , who keep close to Thee, see visions, and in many ways are brought into sensible perception of Thy presence. But to a sinner as I am, what is left but to possess Thee without seeing Thee? . . . To live by faith is my necessity, from my present state of being and from my sin; but Thou hast pronounced a blessing on it. Thou hast said that I am more blessed if I believe on Thee, than if I saw Thee. . . . Enable me to believe as if I saw; let me have Thee always before me as if Thou wert always bodily and sensibly present . . . (pp. 276-7.)

May this gem of piety contribute to a better understanding of Newman's personality and holiness, and to the promotion of those preparations which aim at his beatification.

DR. ZENO, O.F.M. Cap.

ELIZABETHAN POLICY

Elizabeth I and her Parliaments, 1559-1581. By J. E. Neale. (Jonathan Cape. 25s.)

THIS second volume of Professor Neale's study of Parliament in Queen Elizabeth's reign, is devoted to a chronological account of the debates of her first Parliaments. The reconstruction is based on a large number of MSS. reports of speeches and even members' diaries, few or none of them hitherto available in print. The result is striking. At last these Parliaments come to life as vividly as the Stuart ones, and we are able to appreciate something of their distinctive spirit and atmosphere.

Professor Neale repeatedly emphasizes what his MSS. make abundantly clear; the dominant feature of that atmosphere, from the first, was the convinced and devout Protestantism of practically all the most active and vocal members. Here and there the MSS. report speeches by the more moderate in religion. Either the diaries are the work of Puritans and selective, or the moderate majority of the House was singularly tongue-tied. Professor Neale seems ultimately to prefer a third alternative—that the overwhelming majority of the House was Puritan. This, in turn, he would attribute partly to the highly organized staff-work of the Puritans, who, he holds, inherited from the Marian exiles a strong party organization, partly to the fact that by 1581 the House mirrored the religious opinions of England as a whole. We find both of these last two judgements made without an adequate backing of evidence. Miss Garrett certainly proved that the Marian Protestant exodus was large, but produced so solid grounds for her idea that Cecil and a body of 'Sustainers' represented a revolutionary junta in the full sense. Nor does the evidence from contemporary statistics—unsatisfactory as they are, but all we have until the local historians provide us with more solid fare—at all tend to show that the Puritans were ever anything more than a self-conscious minority in England. No doubt Professor Neale would reply that he means by 'Protestant' something definite but falling short of full Calvinism in matters of the 'Discipline'. But here again we have very little in the way of solid evidence to use either way.

Nevertheless Professor Neale has nailed his colours to the mast. Religion was the vital issue in Elizabethan England. Here the very narrowness of his chosen field lays him open to a damaging flank attack, for he necessarily excludes from his consideration Elizabethan society at large. Mr. Rowse sees wider social and economic forces as looming larger than religious influences, which, themselves, in his analysis, tend to be reduced to rationalizations of social movements. But there is here no ultimate difference between Professor Neale and Mr. Rowse,

however much they may differ about details. To Mr. Rowse, the best minds of the time were Laodicean in matters of religion. To Professor Neale, the Queen was a Liberal before the time, who managed and harnessed the religious passion of the Protestants to the cause of an emerging unideological England. Indeed he has developed this theme more recently ('Queen Elizabeth I', *Spectator*, 15 May 1953), with one eye on 'the new Elizabethan Age'. Our business is to take a leaf from Elizabeth's book and create a devouring sense of purpose which will have all the passion and self-sacrificing zeal of real religion, but without its ideological content.

From the reconstruction of the debates and a study of the way the Queen handled Parliament, he arrives at an estimate of her aims and capabilities which also practically coincides with that of Mr. Rowse, drawn from his far wider survey. We wonder, even so, whether his reverence is justified, and whether she had any principles at all. If we had a 'Political Testament' from her hand, we might find something more there than naked opportunism and a desire to fight tooth and nail to keep the throne. But we fear that it would be as tortuously written and as enigmatic, in the last analysis, as are the speeches which Professor Neale prints with a mixture of awe and bewilderment.

On the question of the persecution of Catholics, he is brief and in entire agreement with Meyer. There is little doubt that the Queen was, for a long time, averse to extreme measures. But much as we should like to believe it, there is no unambiguous evidence that her forbearance was based on principle—as there is none that her eventual anger and violence was based on Protestant zeal. Much is made of the government addition of the words 'for that intent' to the 1581 penal law—thereby requiring for treason proof that a priest acted as such with political intent. Unfortunately all the evidence goes to show that in practice this distinction remained a dead letter. Was Elizabeth quietly disobeyed by her judges—or was it a piece of political propaganda? Professor Neale, in this matter, as in so many others, has brought new life to an ancient debate, but he has hardly brought it to an end.

H. AVELING, O.S.B.

THE ESTABLISHMENT

The Reformation in England, Vol. III: *True Religion Now Established*. By Philip Hughes. (Hollis & Carter. 42s.)

WITH the publication of *True Religion Now Established*, the third volume of *The Reformation in England*, Philip Hughes has brought to completion his study of the religious changes under Henry VIII and his three successors. Each volume, taken separately, is a very substantial

Vol. 229. No. 468.

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contribution to the literature; the three volumes, taken as a unit, constitute a major study of a controversial subject. To appreciate fully the author's plan of presentation and to understand the interconnexion and cumulative force of the development of events in the English Reformation, it is necessary to read the three volumes sequentially. Their value lies partly in the erudition of the author, who is both a trained historian and a trained theologian; partly in his emphasis on an evaluation of the varying patterns of events, rather than on a recapitulation of facts already well known and verified; partly in his critical use of the major primary and secondary sources, which are embodied both in the text and in the extensive apparatus of footnotes, and make the book especially useful to the student of history.

The subjective difficulty for an historian of the Reformation, the author points out in Volume III, is to submerge his feelings in constructing a mosaic of events. The treatment of the Reformation by certain previous writers, he continues, has often been largely a reflexion of their sympathies: the value judgements concerning the problems involved and their solutions stem from the viewpoint the writer takes as to the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the religious policies which were put into force. Father Hughes, although he judges all that concerns religion from the viewpoint of Catholic theology, considers all that is history from the viewpoint that today, four hundred years after the Reformation, there exists a corpus of data which enables the historian to evaluate it with fuller understanding of all the relevant circumstances and events.

Since careful research has already verified the main outlines and considerable detail of the Elizabethan era, an historian now dealing with the period must either devote himself to interpreting its major aspects with greater definitiveness, or he must limit himself to examining special questions not yet studied. Father Hughes has chosen to do the former. He has based his book partly on the works of other well-known and competent historians, and partly on primary sources, both published and unpublished. The scope of the book is England's religious history from 1558 to 1603, with a brief mention of the results of Elizabeth I's religious policies in the reigns of James I and Charles I. It is divided into two parts: the first part, which is devoted to the Protestantization of England, includes the religious settlement of 1559, the methods by which the government brought about its ultimate success, the obstacles which had to be surmounted, the structure of doctrine prescribed to be taught, and the divisions of Protestant thought; the second part, which is devoted to the decatholicization of England, includes the causes for the decline of Catholicism, its abortive renaissance in the 1570's and 1580's, and the controversial questions of Catholic loyalty to Elizabeth and her government's persecution of the Catholics.

What distinguishes this from other books about the English Reformation is Father Hughes's particular manner of handling the theology of the Reformation. He views the Elizabethan religious change both in the context of its theology and of the political thought and political activity which shaped and were shaped by this theology. State action in rejecting Catholicism was necessarily accompanied by the imposition of another system of beliefs and another liturgy; Father Hughes spends much careful effort in analysing official and semi-official statements of these beliefs and in explaining the new liturgical practices, to show the nature of the new religion. Catholicism and Protestantism, he points out, differ in interpreting the consequence of Adam's sin upon human nature and the way of redemption effected for the individual by Christ's death. The Protestants taught that they were restoring primitive Christianity, removing the superstitious accretions Catholicism had added and the idolatry which it fostered. Man, in rejecting Catholicism, freed himself from such superstitions and falsehoods; to accomplish this, much of the corpus of Catholic doctrines, the traditional liturgical and non-liturgical forms of worship, and the theology of penance and of penitential practices now became the focal point of a ceaseless attack. 'The real issues of the revolution are clouded—for the man who is not by training a theologian—by the immense array of detailed objections against Catholic practices and the doctrines immediately related to them, by the impressive tale of Catholic ill-doing and carelessness and mismanagement.' In the intensity of this religious warfare the Reformers frequently attributed to Catholicism as integral elements, some of the very abuses and superstitions the Church itself had constantly condemned.

Father Hughes analyses three of the writings most influential in constructing a Protestant theology in the Elizabethan era—Jewel's *Apology*, the officially prescribed *Homilies*, and Hooker's *The Laws of the Ecclesiastical Polity*. His study of these, so far as this reviewer knows, is the first of such length and detail by a Catholic historian. During the sixteenth century, he observes, an attack on Catholicism could find a wealth of material in existing abuses; to construct a new theology during the bitterness of controversy which would be logically precise and clear, in the manner the mediaeval Scholastics constructed Catholic theology in the quiet of universities, was much more difficult, as the *Homilies*, coherent and forceful in attack but less clear in synthesis, prove.

An Apologie or answer in defence of the Churche of England by John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, is not a *Summa Theologica*, presenting a carefully knit theology, but a selection of certain points for argument, with other, very fundamental, points of difference left untouched. It is, however, the product of a man of culture, writing on an intellectual plane. The *Homilies*, one book published in 1547 under Edward VI, the other in 1562, were undoubtedly much more influential, since they were

prescribed officially to be read in the parish churches wherever a properly qualified preacher was lacking. By this means it was intended to popularize the attacks on Catholicism and to promote Protestant beliefs. Father Hughes's detailed analysis of them adds to the value of his book, since their importance for their day is very apparent, and to-day many students of history lack time or opportunity to read them. Richard Hooker's *The Laws of the Ecclesiastical Polity*, in Father Hughes's judgement, constituted the most brilliant exposition of Anglican theology during the Elizabethan era. Hooker, he continues, had a touch of genius, which enabled him to make an original contribution to Anglican theology, creating a tradition within the Church of England which became a standard of orthodoxy. He thought out his book, unlike Jewel and others, in an atmosphere of calm, which is reflected in its pages; a student of philosophy, unlike some others of influence among the Protestants of his century, he utilized the philosophical thought of the past, Christian and non-Christian. Although *The Laws of the Ecclesiastical Polity* diverged from some of the trends in contemporary English Protestant thinking and exhibited less bitter opposition against Catholicism than most Elizabethan theological writings, its author, in all major points at conflict between the Reformers and the Catholics, always sided with the former.

In Part II Father Hughes deals with the thorny question of Catholic obedience and the persecution of Catholics under Elizabeth I. The traditional viewpoint found among various historians of high standing is that Elizabeth did not wish either to repress beliefs privately held or to shed blood for religion. They interpret the queen's treatment of the Catholics from a political and legal viewpoint: her government, faced with Pius V's declaration that she was excommunicated and deposed, and with Catholic plots on the Continent to restore Catholicism in England by force, enacted laws in self-defence, which were enforced only as the necessity for preserving the realm demanded. No executions took place for nearly twenty years after the queen's accession, and then were due to Catholic provocation; these executions were comparatively few, considering the long reign of Elizabeth, and generally Catholics suffered only imprisonment or exile. Father Hughes approaches these questions of loyalty and persecution from a moral viewpoint. He holds that the Elizabethan Catholics were adhering to what their ancestors had believed since England had become Christianized nearly a thousand years before; that the government in 1559 proscribed their religion by cruel laws held over them *in terrorem*, later enforced and supplemented by even harsher laws, when Catholic resistance became organized; that Catholics in England were considered by the government to be a part of the universal fabric of Catholicism, supporting its policies rather than those of England. Actually the Catholics on the Continent were disunited and inimical to each

other, and the leading Catholic prince, the King of Spain, was constantly engaged in repelling the ever-present threat of the Turks.

What aroused Elizabeth's government by 1580 strenuously to combat what it had considered to be a moribund Catholicism was a renaissance, part and parcel of Counter-Reformation fervour, produced by English secular priests trained on the Continent and by the mission of the Jesuits, Campion and Persons. In treating the persecution which raged subsequent to 1580, Father Hughes gives detailed statistics about the priests, laymen, and laywomen who were executed. Although priests trained abroad were considered enemies of the state and subjected to the death penalty by a law of 1585, if they did not conform to the Established Church, the seminary at Douai forbade discussion of the legitimacy of the queen's title, and the students there kept aloof from politics. Proof of this is that priests arrested and questioned about their attitude towards the state showed no uniformity in their replies. If the government had really considered them guilty of subverting the state, it would more probably have rounded up all the priests and executed them. Those brought to trial were always charged, under the existing laws, with treason for having performed distinctly religious acts; but in the tortures inflicted upon them, incriminating statements of treasonable viewpoints or activities were extracted through pain, terror, or fear, and published by the government to justify the execution. Reprieve, pardon, and freedom could be obtained if the Catholic would agree to conform.

Father Hughes, using Cardinal Allen's *True, Sincere, and Modest Defence of English Catholics* as his contemporary source, points out that the bull of excommunication of 1570 had proved to be a dead letter, because the Catholics had remained loyal to the queen, a fact which the government knew. Actually Elizabeth I was not personally interested in the destruction of the Catholics simply for religion, but her hand was moved in 1580 by a wave of propaganda inspired by her ministers against her projected marriage with the Duke of Anjou, brother of the French king, which would probably necessitate concessions to the Catholics. From then onward a real persecution raged.

In judging each of the two parts of Volume III one must keep in mind that the author intended, primarily, to interpret Elizabethan religious history, using data already published, supplemented by his own researches into special problems. The abundance of printed matter, primary and secondary, enabled him to construct in Part I an admirably comprehensive, critical evaluation of the establishment of Protestantism under Elizabeth I; his original contribution was his appraisal, as a Catholic theologian, of certain Protestant theological writings. In constructing Part II Father Hughes faced the difficulty that there had been less intensive research into Catholicism under Elizabeth than into Protestantism. Although individuals and learned

societies have published compilations of documentary data, numerous *lacunae* remain; except for the general treatment of Catholicism in Father Hughes's *Rome and the Counter Reformation in England*, most books of value of the last thirty years have dealt with particular aspects. The great merit of Part II is that the author, who has spent many years studying Elizabethan Catholicism, has utilized critically all available sources, producing the most complete and the most authoritative account of the decline of Catholicism under Elizabeth yet written.

THEODORE TRIMBLE, O.P.

IT TAKES ALL SORTS

The Last of the Fathers. By Thomas Merton. (Hollis & Carter. 10s. 6d.)

The Layman in the Church. By Michael de la Bédoyère. (Burns & Oates. 10s. 6d.)

Born Catholics. Edited by F. J. Sheed. (Sheed & Ward. 12s. 6d.)

Catholic Approaches. Edited by Elizabeth Pakenham. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 15s.)

Pius XII. By Mgr. Pierre Pfister. (Thames & Hudson. 25s.)

WHAT is a layman? One kind (leaving canonized saints out of account) could be represented by Frédéric Ozanam or Friedrich von Hügel, heroes of apostolate and prayer. It is for such, if for laymen at all (as partly appears from the circumstances of publication in England) that Father Thomas Merton wrote his papers on St. Bernard and the encyclical *Doctor Mellifluus*. Others may have an uneasy suspicion that his handling of the papal document is tendencious. On a first reading of the latter, one had received an impression confirming the view that the graces of unitive prayer belong essentially to a small privileged minority: one turned over quickly to see what the Holy Father had to say to those of us for whom it seems hard enough just to 'lift up the heart and mind to God'. After reading Father Merton's *Notes on the Encyclical*, it became clear (pp. 78-80) that the Pope had not *said* what one had thought; there one had to leave it. The publishers are unquestionably right in claiming that the author 'sets forth' for those who can take it 'an unforgettable and truly nourishing spiritual feast'.

Reverting to the question about laymen, Count Michael de la Bédoyère has devoted his last book to it. Besides the 'semi-clericalized laity' (p. 6) which includes the types above-mentioned, he calls to mind those who 'neither feel any sense of oneness with the priest, nor want to feel any' (p. 11), and others again who pass through 'alternate periods of special devotion and special indifference to devotion' (p. 99). It is an appealing and friendly book, blazing many doubtful or half-obliterated trails of inquiry: 'there are no pat and tidy solutions' (p. 68), and 'the very best of Catholics may legitimately have a different view from a

majority view which looks like a Catholic view' (p. 79). Modestly, the author relies much on recent work by a French religious for guidance in handling his topic of *The Layman in the Church*. No doubt the outsider sees most of the game; but in the present case the witness of English-speaking laymen themselves must be allowed special weight. This is the importance of Messrs. Sheed and Ward's *Born Catholics*.

Here is a successful symposium. The editor acknowledges one of its necessary limitations—'we had to have people with enough skill in writing to get their experiences down on paper' (p. vii): there is another, concealed in the further remark that 'there are three hundred million more' born Catholics (p. viii) who have not lost the Faith; for it can be demonstrated with some approach to scientific precision that five-sixths of these, at the very least, remain Catholics by routine and inertia, and not by conviction. So that Mr. Sheed's score of contributors represent the minority of a minority—the literates alone among those who have a will of their own. We are dealing then with an *élite*, like Gideon's. All the more wonderful is the diversity of characters within it. The two best pieces (Antonia White's and Jean Charlot's) touch on this 'note' of catholicity: 'the older I grow, the less I . . . worry about the differences in individual Catholics who may be profoundly shocked by each other's ways of apprehending their religion' (p. 47); 'neither France nor Mexico had me prepared for the billing of Ireland as the star of Catholic nations' (p. 77). Bernard Wall contributes 'a bleat from the black sheep's pen' (p. 8) to diversify the harmonies of a more or less intense spirituality in other sections of the choir. Another strong dissonance comes from Cicely Hastings, explaining in pitiless detail why and how 'it is certainly not comfortable to stay on board' the ship of Peter (p. 154). A reader's taste must be catholic indeed if he can enjoy both the abundant emotionalism of Caryll Houselander and the logical aridity of Hilaire Belloc. Even a certain nostalgic unconscious snobbery finds expression in Harman Grisewood's thoughtful essay—'you were never a stranger in that society. Those you met for the first time . . . knew your friends or your relations'.

A more unpleasant manifestation of this particular trait is pungently satirized by Father de Grunne in the last of Lady Pakenham's collection of *Catholic Approaches* (p. 226), but his main contribution to our question about the laity is the discovery that 'English Catholics have something Protestant about them' (p. 224). For indeed the specific difference of the *lay* Christian is that he has not been called away from the world or from its normal (innocent) human relationships. (That provides an answer to Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's quite extraordinary question—in *Born Catholics*, p. 194, note—'should a Catholic be "typical" of a non-Catholic nation?') It is therefore odd, and seems a pity, that so many of the lay writers under review feel constrained to echo *tempora pessima*—Lady Pakenham herself, and David

Jones, for example (unless the latter can use the word 'technocracy' without animus). Among those who do not, it is pleasant to name Dr. E. B. Strauss, though his sprightly contribution to *Catholic Approaches* is altogether less effective than (for instance) his papers in last year's DUBLIN REVIEW and in *The Month* the year before—from both of which he quotes tidbits. Father D'Arcy and Douglas Woodruff bring heavier guns to bear; Archbishop Mathew, Lord Pakenham and Professor Temple write as acknowledged experts on Africa, Politics and Physics. Mothers of eight, and five, children respectively have a like title to be heard on the Family (Lady Pakenham), and Upbringing (Nicolette Gray). All round, it is a strenuous book.

The only justification for associating Mgr. Pfister's book with the other four arises from an inchoate sense that the notion of *Catholic* layman requires some reference to the 'note' of apostolicity in the Church. From Bede and Boniface to More, Milner and Manning, we English were conspicuous Romans; but in the last generation—say from about the time when the first Lord Rankeillour wrote in this REVIEW to the effect that *italianità* was an 'accidental' of the Church—this national tradition has been less obvious. The time is overdue for it to re-emerge into the limelight. Pope Pius XI was, for many of us, an Oxford man. His successor's unique, luminous personality transfigures the picture-book recently published in this country by Messrs. Thames and Hudson—even for those who do not find that 'an illustrated book on Rome' is necessarily 'irresistible', and for those others whose normal reaction to quotations from L. Veuillot is one of blind hostility. If we, the English laity, were less *timides*, less self-conscious about our papalism, especially those among us who regard the decrees of Roman congregations, sometimes, as a burden too heavy to be borne, some of 'our separated brethren' might find us more fun to be with.

LAICUS

THREE NOVELS

The Priest. By Beatrix Beck. (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.)

Missa Sine Nomine. By Ernst Wiechert. (Peter Nevill. 15s.)

The Holy Foot. By Robert Romanis. (Andre Deutsch. 10s. 6d.)

IN France, as in England and America, Madam Beck's novel has been judged 'raw meat'. In Catholic circles it has met with an opposition similar to that which met Mauriac's *contes* thirty years ago. This is perhaps reflective of a time when much that is salaciously salted can be easily digested, but when what is served *à point* is sent back. For it is in these gastronomical terms that one must first accept Madam Beck's talent.

'After they've [received] communion they get little rolls without

having to give up any ration tickets.' "Taste nasty," whispered the smallest boy as soon as the priest had moved away. "There's a war on," explained his sister.' Juxtaposed (as quoted here) these snatches of conversation from Chapter III carry certain implications. Perhaps the taste for religion is solely enforced upon some by lack of food; perhaps there are times for such when it is better to stomach one's pride and eat than starve. After all, is not a wafer always a wafer? Or is it? Does not the bread cast upon waters return? Madam Beck tests the ambiguity of metaphor to its extreme.

At the end of the First World War Mauriac spoke of those who would gird against everything established simply because it was established, suggesting that in the end they must needs gird against themselves. In so doing, he added, it would be more than probable that they would work their own salvation since, 'driven to this final girding', they would at long last be able to catch a glimpse of that Divine Image in whose likeness they had been created. Madam Beck's thought runs similarly—although naturally events in the intervening years since Versailles have re-slanted it. The Second World War remains for her a major preoccupation.

The central character, Barny, is a Jewish widow left with an only child. When the book opens she is an atheist with strong Lesbian tendencies. Whereas Thérèse Desqueyroux might have turned to a young lover or drugs, she turns to Sabine not merely because 'she resembled a young man, but because [she was one] gifted with curious charms, with a virility delicately touched with the feminine'. Drugs are hard to come by on the black market—and so too are young men other than the Boche. Again for women an Occupation is like being cut adrift; on the shores husbands and fiancés remain behind. So why, if after thirty days out at sea men may legally mix with each other, may not women? Is not similarity of circumstance nine-tenths of the law? Is there one rule for men and another for women? How, against such reasoning and in such a predicament, can the priest pit the unchanging law of God? Above all, with the odds at nine to one, how can he win? This is the problem that Madam Beck looks at. Moreover in Bernanos' phrase she can be said to have given it 'a naked look', a look that cleanses away all lies.

The Abbé Leon Morin's method is simple—understanding and charity. He remains unshockable. In boldness he is all the time a step ahead of Barny. If Rome seems behind the times that does not invalidate Christ's death on the Cross; the apparent intemperate actions and decisions of some cardinals and bishops (which may seem to halt the progress of the Church) are never permitted without reason. Maybe they are permitted as a reminder that original sin touches the judgments of all. Yet a step back—a victory for reaction or 'Sunday Christians'—often results later in two steps being taken forward. 'The Church has lost its working class through its own mistakes.' The

Abbé Morin bows his head, agreeing. His gesture reminds one of that of another humble Italian peasant priest—Father Ventura, the Sicilian Theatine. 'If the Church will not march with the people, not for that will the Church stay its march.' The presentation of the old truths must be fashioned anew; the tragedy that Father Ventura foresaw in 1866 has become a reality for the Abbé Morin. 'There's no need for proofs. Belief in God is not a scientific, cerebral certainty, as you seem to imagine. Belief in God is a harmony of our entire being. If you love someone, you love without proofs. It is the same with faith.'

The Thomist approach is but one of many. The twentieth century must accept it, develop it, 'but not exclusively'. Remember that converts nowadays, chides the Abbé Morin, are made more by example and results than proofs. The argument of a 'prime-mover' is not for those like Barny. So the Abbé Morin casts about for the contemporary idiom of the Word and, while he does so, Barny watches his grease-stained cuffs—the fingers fumbling, the fingers that are pricked with the rubber cross stitch where that morning they gripped the handlebars speeding down the hill. There is perspiration upon the lips, a saliva bubble. Except for the collar, there might be a thousand such in any deserted bistro. But the fingers? These are the fingers which every day, pared and scrubbed, offer the wafer. 'If you love someone, you love without proofs.' Slowly the physical and spiritual juxtapose; the bread cast upon the waters returns. Poetry is the language of metaphor as metaphor is the language of poetry. The Abbé Morin ignores syllogisms and concentrates on the psalms. He taps Barny's Jewish heritage; 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me.' He also knows that to be healed 'sick persons must for a time fall in love with their psychoanalyst'. Everything is psychologically conditioned by the author; nothing new is added to Barny's character which was not inherent from the beginning. 'In the end is my beginning'; Christ is a healer; conversion 'takes' like an injection—not always immediately. These three ideas Madam Beck weaves in and out, each stitch strengthening the next.

Yet her pattern is not fully successful. With the conversion her book breaks into two. The tough sinewy core that has held the novel together from the start dissolves into a soft centre. There is a strong Judaic feeling of blood and sacrifice; but it becomes allied with that conception of repository art in which the blood of sacrifice appears rose-water. Madam Beck goes a stage too far. Sentimentality mars Barny's early weeks in the Church. One recalls Mauriac's dictum: 'It is a mark of our slavery that without lying we can paint only a faithful portrait of the passions.'

Missa Sine Nomine is the story of three Junker barons (all brothers) who return to their moorland domain. It is also a story of post-war recovery. Both these descriptions are true, but they are not quite exhaustive. There is a third element in the story which is harder to define.

One might perhaps best call it a search for a sense of life, a search which involves a looking back to see where the old threads broke. This is not the novel of a repentant Nazi, but of an author who has begun to fancy himself as one of the grand old men of German letters. So the question why the threads broke is asked cosmically, not nationally. Dachau and Hiroshima are equated; there is no suggestion that one led to the other. World guilt is played up and German responsibility played down. In fact Herr Wiechert's work is like that of Sartre—highly symptomatic.

Both writers compose on the great scale; they apply a mass-radiography to the contemporary scene, exploiting the present 'angst'. Accordingly great audiences gather round both. In Herr Wiechert's case he attempts to show how life *should* be lived; in Sartre's case he shows how life *might* be lived. In neither is there any attempt to communicate inner torment and conflicts—the abiding sores that relate Dostoevsky or Hardy to James Joyce or Mauriac. For all its rather misty poetic beliefs, for all its Teutonic melody, *Missa Sine Nomine* remains primarily significant as a social novel. In current literature its shelf is the same as that of John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*

'A path wanders irrelevantly . . . climbing as it goes but taking its time about it.' That is Mr. Romanis' method. A lazy slow quietness that mounts gradually is the stylistic graph of *The Holy Foot*. The tale is pure fancy. A foot is discovered; some in Sant' Antonio claim that it is a saint's, others that it is the lopped limb from a pagan Greek statue. The inhabitants take sides. 'They called uncertain greetings to one another—some surly, some grimly humorous, others quacking like ducks and splashing passers-by from puddles.' Throughout, Mr. Romanis retains this tone. His book is essentially one for when the sun is high, the long grass is astir with crickets and a sleepy afternoon waits to be idled away.

Mr. John Ward deserves special congratulation for his charming and evocative dust-cover.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

CHRISTIAN UNITY

Problèmes de l'Unité chrétienne. (Coll. Irénikon.) Par Roger Aubert. (Chevetogne. 30 Belgian fr.)

RECENT events in inter-Church relations in Great Britain have at least served one good purpose, that of drawing general attention to the present disunity of Christendom. This sad condition and the disastrous bickering which is its inevitable consequence have no doubt called forth a certain amount of scoffing on the part of unbelievers; they have

certainly given pain to many earnest Christians and directed their efforts with renewed vigour towards the healing of their divisions.

Infallible Fallacies, *The Pope's Men* and *Anglicans Anonymous* all come under the heading of that poor relation of Apologetics called Polemics, a sphere of human activity with which the book we are discussing at the moment has nothing in common. Canon Aubert has written not a polemical book but an eirenic one. It is important to understand what this statement implies.

In some quarters the word 'eirenic' seems slightly suspect, one wonders why. Eirenicism is purely and simply the putting into practice of the Christian virtue of truth in its most attractive aspects, informed by justice and charity. It is not explaining away the truth, it is not hiding away the truth, but frank and objective presentation of the truth as it really is, with all its nuances. And on the other hand it is the sincere desire to discover the truth which others may hold, and not to attribute to them errors which they do not hold. Eirenicism is intellectual honesty which finds its chief delight in disclosing points of agreement.

It is therefore entirely different from polemics, not only in practice but also in theory. Polemics is, at its best, the laying bare of someone else's error and a vigorous attack launched against it; at its worst, well, perhaps one might say it is fisticuffs with an opponent who is to a large extent innocent of what he is being punished for.

These preliminary remarks enable us to see *Les Problèmes* in its setting. It is a book written by a Catholic theologian and historian of exceptional competence and experience in the work for Reunion. His book, written in the first place for Catholic readers, aims at informing the ordinary Catholic of the fundamental facts of the present situation of divided Christendom and points the lesson to be drawn from these facts.

The first chapter deals with the basic problem, the scandal and the shame of disunity. This chapter should rouse the spirit of any reader who takes his religion seriously, but who has, perhaps, never realized that it is an abnormal state of affairs for Christians not to be in communion with one another. The further chapters provide certain basic notions about the various forms of non-Catholic Christianity, dealing with them in the eirenic way we have already attempted to characterize. In conclusion some twenty pages are devoted to the Œcumenical Conference held at Lund (Sweden) in August 1952.

The chapters on the Eastern Churches, Protestantism, Anglicanism and the Œcumenical movement make no pretence of a detailed treatment of their subject. They aim merely at correcting certain false ideas current in Catholic circles, and at stating objectively the problem created by the various interpretations of the one, single Revelation of Jesus Christ. Though written for Belgian and French Catholics, these chapters should prove useful to English readers also.

For the moment, however, it is the first chapter which, to the mind of the present writer, seems to call for ampler comment. Up to the present, the work for Reunion has been almost exclusively the affair of a small circle of specialists. It is to be hoped that the properly theological and largely technical part of the growing-together process of the various communions will ever remain thus, but the time has come to inculcate in season and out of season the fact that Reunion will never be achieved until ordinary Christian men and women in all Churches begin to pray earnestly for its coming. Reunion must be longed for and prayed for before it will be granted by God. At the present time, one may hazard a guess that relatively few ordinary Catholics, episcopal, clerical or lay, really long for or earnestly pray for the Reunion of Christendom. All realize no doubt that it is a most desirable thing, few would consider it an urgent necessity. And yet Canon Aubert quotes another as stating that it is not just an urgent necessity, it is the most pressing need with which we are faced at the present time.

We have no desire to dispute this position. We must confess, however, that whereas the second and third arguments establishing the necessity of Unity are really cogent, we dislike the first one we are asked to consider—with the author's excuses, it is true. Christian Reunion is not a vital necessity of our days *because of* the dispersal of forces in the mission field, or *because of* the menace of Communism, or *because of* the rising tide of irreligion. Christians must make themselves one, must refuse to tolerate their present divisions, wholly and solely because these run counter to the express Will of the Divine Head of the Church. Unity is a gift of God which too many Christian men have squandered, or rather thrown back in the face of the Giver. Now they must by prayer and penance obtain once more this most precious gift. Once we get firmly anchored in our consciousness that the unity of all His disciples is our Blessed Lord's explicit Will, we shall find it much harder to acquiesce in the present state of disunity. And we all need this vivid and intensely uncomfortable consciousness. It will stimulate the prayer of all, constant, unflagging and unabashed, no matter what unpleasant things may occur between Christians in different parts of the world. This same prayer will provide the indispensable support for all the exceedingly delicate work of the specialists.

It is at the same time necessary to insist that this work of the specialists has nothing whatever to do with ecclesiastical politics and diplomacy. We do not hesitate to affirm that any effort in favour of Christian Unity which puts its trust in these human and purely human means is doomed to the failure that has always attended them in the past. Not only will they fail, but the ill-feeling they inevitably cause will put off the hoped for result for a few hundred years more. We make no excuse for repeating that Reunion will come only when the hearts

and minds of Christians in prayer have created by God's grace a community ready to accept His divine gift of unity.

As Catholics let us consider our own task. It is futile for us to say: 'Ours is the True Church, it is the others who are all wrong.' In the abstract, on the level of theological principles, this is undoubtedly true, but this sort of psychological attitude is disastrous because it amounts to a refusal of any effort to understand the position of these others whom we must surely wish to help.

The best way of shewing help is for us to shew understanding and a Christ-like mind. Instead of telling others they are all wrong, the active worker for Reunion must ask them if they would be good enough to explain to him their belief on the different points at issue, at the same time explaining the treasure of Catholic belief and correcting the innumerable erroneous ideas entertained by even the most sincere and honest non-Catholics; while the ordinary rank and file Catholic will find in his prayer that charity which alone will manifest the beauty and attractiveness of Truth. Everyone is called to the task.

Canon Aubert's unpretentious little book provides the stimulus needed, Fr. Dumont's remarks on the Lund conference provide an example of the Catholic expert's rôle, the whole volume is an incentive to prayer, to charitable understanding, to real Christianity, to that humble seeking of the Will of Jesus Christ 'that all may be one', which is the Will of the Father, which, we pray, may 'be done on earth as it is in heaven'.

DOM GREGORY BAINBRIDGE

FRENCH CHRONICLE

THE time has not come for any final evaluation of Claudel. There is perhaps no need for it. I do not think his work will suffer an eclipse just yet. If God wills we shall go on drawing on this life: his death will not put an end to its development. The work itself is not yet universally accepted—there are still currents of hostility, notably in England (as Robert Speaight, who has done so much for Claudel, shews in a penetrating article¹). We French can hardly wonder at this, seeing the long and bitter exile we inflicted on the writer, a banishment not to be compared with his professional expatriations.

The very fact of his conversion cut him off from his fellows: it took courage, in France about the turn of the century, at any rate among a certain intelligentsia, to declare oneself a Christian and behave as a member of the Church. Then the peculiarities of Claudel's writing (it is not like any other, though one can trace a far-fetched ancestry for it

¹ *Nouvelles littéraires*, 24 March 1955.

in an old French tradition) shocked some readers, provoked in others a sort of disdainful indifference. Oddly enough, Claudel was at first appreciated only by the extreme Left (e.g. in a clever article by Jacques Rivière in 1911, and a book by Georges Duhamel in 1913), and the extreme Right (*v.* enthusiastic articles by his schoolfellow Léon Daudet, from 1914 onwards). The first Catholic writer of any consequence to write favourably of his work was the Jesuit Fr. Joseph de Tonquédec, in 1917, and then with such reserves and qualifications as can scarcely have been to Claudel's taste. The writer obviously mistrusted the stability of such a turbulent genius, who acknowledged no authority apart from questions strictly of faith and morals. Nevertheless, he really admired his great man, and was above all anxious to be fair to an orthodox Catholic. And indeed orthodoxy was a passion with Claudel, no less than with Veuillot (whose less well-known human passions he shared too): giving him even then a certain ascendancy over some priests and religious, some young laymen, some who stood on the threshold of Catholicism. M. Daniel Halévy reported that 'Péguy read little; but he read Claudel, and revised his books. Believers or not, we need these great Catholics, these eternal Romans.'¹

On this basis it would be easy to make Claudel into a 'prophet of the past'. *L'Otage* and *L'Annonce faite à Marie* (both shewn abroad before they were applauded in France) are undeniably olde-worlde in parts. The author, as became a loyal, even punctilious, servant of the state, was entirely free from the anti-republicanism of many of his co-religionists; but he brought to the realization of Catholic traditions the inherited capital of the countryman, the farmer—his own living love of the Fathers—his preference for Bossuet against Fénelon and Pascal—his dutiful submission to Papal authority. At home, he owed more to the example of his wife's family than to his own (they came from Lyons; his father-in-law, an architect, was concerned in the building of Notre-Dame de Fourvières). In labour matters, he would have nothing to do with the views of (say) Maritain: his text was the Gospel warning to let the cockle ripen; an employer's 'duty of station' was not to 'build Jerusalem' in his factory, but 'to keep solvent, to earn his bread and his children's and shareholders' bread, so as to be able to feed his workers—they have nothing to gain from his bankruptcy'. In the Spanish civil war he supported Franco, breaking with Bernanos and Mauriac. During the occupation, before coming round to de Gaulle, he was a notorious admirer of Pétain. Only the other day he was in arms against liturgical innovations, and severely critical of the *prêtres-ouvriers*.

So much for Claudel the traditionalist. But there is another side to him, and of no less importance. It is a mistake to think of him as playing a long-drawn-out finale to the nineteenth century: rather he introduced the twentieth, writing its *Processional* in an unforgettable poem

¹ *Péguy et les 'Cahiers de la Quinzaine'* (Grasset).

from his post in China, in 1907, a vision of peace fulfilled in the light of glory. This joy was itself something new in a world where the fear of the Lord was shaped in puritan or jansenistic fashion. It was a pleasure for the neophyte to find old mother Church the same as ever in all her manners and customs and the multitude of her children. But not mummified—*tout est mouvement*—he might not believe much in 'evolution' or 'progress', but enthusiastically in a bold advance. *Quantum potes tantum aude* might be his motto. His consciousness of personal freedom was intense. His ambition for the Church was boundless; he found her younger every day, like her Master. People tended to place Claudel in the Middle Ages, but he belongs rather to baroque, to the renaissance (any renascence). In the years following the First World War—the epoch, in his understanding, of justice and of reparation—his biographers began to emphasize this side of him; as Gonzague Truc, Sainte-Marie Perrin, Madaule and Perche, in contrast to Pierre Lasserre's *Chapelles Littéraires*, where Claudel is imprisoned in a massive misinterpretation. And at last the French stage came to welcome his plays, until his apotheosis in *Le Soulier de Satin*; this was under the occupation, and gave us a precious experience of reviving pride.

'It took him nearly half a century to become a man of his own time—of our time'¹: now in eternity he is completely up to date. M. Pierre Sipriot writes (in the special Claudel number of *La Table ronde*²): 'Eternity teems with a past and a future exceeding all imagination; it is the continuity of history. *Our task in eternity will be to fulfil our share in preparing the Service, keeping our ever-changing balance* (for after us the world will go on embodying bits and pieces of the ideal in its successive phases of development) *in loving touch with all our brethren.*'

The verdict of posterity will be declared in time. Claudel's literary methods and technique may not survive him. Some of his positions will remain arguable; no doubt he will share the fate of Péguy, Bloy and Bernanos in becoming the prey of contrary factions, each claiming him exclusively as its own. But his spiritual witness will surely go on bearing fruit, awakening echoes. Claudel's poetry—the transposed itinerary of his own adventurous pilgrimage, his dialogue with the loving Father, jealous God—this will not lose its power of recalling men to the idea of holiness.

LOUIS CHAIGNE

¹ Thierry-Maulnier, in *Le Figaro Littéraire*, 26 February 1955.

² April 1955. The italicized part of this quotation comes from Claudel.



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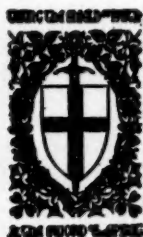
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